

HELP!

JULY 1965 • ICD • 35¢



No offering,
no sermon.



HELP!

No. 25 July 1965

Harvey Kurtzman, editor
James Warren, publisher
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EDITOR'S PREFACE



Model Cooling It

COVER

We thought the world might enjoy a cover-girl making a goo-goo face as a sort of newsstand comic relief. Hence, the rubber-mouthing on HELP!'s lid, as captured by the lens of photographer, Seymour Mednick.

And for the faint-hearted, here is model Ginny Ghetaldi as she appears when she doesn't have her hands in her mouth.

BULGARIA

R. Crumb, who sent us a cartoon report from behind the Iron Curtain, writes us, and in red ink, "There is no exaggeration of the truth in the drawings I did... everything is exactly as pictured... even more so... much of it has to be seen... it can't be described... I don't even think I made it look as wild as it really is... it's sort of 1984 in a Dostoevski setting."

HELP! WHODUNIT

The youthful group who posed for us on pages nine to eleven sprout from the revue at The Upstairs at The Downstairs



Jolly Group-Knaiz, Blair, Morley, Brown, Mercer and Curry Upstairs at the Downstairs

in New York. Starring in a brightly barbed show produced by Rod Warren called The Game Is Up, they proved to be a jolly jolly bunch... the latest jolly bunch to play at the U at the D which boasts many talented graduates (Tammy Grimes, Ronnie Graham, Nancy Dussault of Bajour and writer, Joan Rivers).

FUMETTI

If you are the kind of nut who has a wintertime urge to swoop down a snowy ski-slope and then slip into a Swedish Sauna, you might be interested in the location for our picture story which was shot at the Windham Ski Area's Sauna and Lodge in Windham, N.Y..

LETTERS

While I am not a regular reader of your magazine, HELP!, it was my misfortune to pick up your May issue and I therefore would like to relate my strong feelings regarding it and especially the article, "Christopher's Punctured Romance" by Dave Crossley.

Pure satire as expressed in such magazines as "Mad" is one thing but pure trash is another. This article in my opinion is a flimsy attempt to disguise under the label of satire a story geared for warped and degenerate minds on a topic such as sex. Coinciding with my opinion that magazines such as yours are contributing to the problems of our teenagers' as well as society's, I believe that you will agree with me that there are absolutely no benefits from your publication except the money that you receive. Above all, I find that your periodical and articles such as the one in question can do nothing but twist, warp and confuse the ever growing and knowledge seeking minds of our youth. While the above is only one man's opinion, my opinion, I can assure you that there will be a copy of the May issue of HELP! on the desks of many influential people from clergyman to congressman whom I have the privilege to know. While I am not against freedom of expression or speech, I am against the taking advantage of the public and the poisoning of young unsuspecting minds. I intend to do everything in my power to stop magazines that do the above.

Joel M. Luchun
Brooklyn, N.Y.

We hope that our readers (whom we believe are young adults with better IQs) got the point of our Doll story which seemed to sail past Mr. Luchun's head.

Coincidental to our story, RAMPARTS magazine, ran an article, BARBIE AND HER FRIENDS, which quoted Dr. Alan F. Leveton, director of the Pediatrics Mental Health Unit, University of California Medical Center, San Francisco, as stating: "We are seeing children who are excited and disturbed by dolls like Barbie and her friends..."

Boys are being seen in the clinic who use Barbie for sexual stimulation, a fact which might trouble the same parents who are scandalized by comic books and pin-up magazines, were it not for the fact that Barbie masquerades as a child's toy. Both boys and girls are introduced to a precocious, joyless sexuality, to fantasies of seduction and to conspicuous consumption. This reflects and perpetuates a disturbing trend in our culture, which has serious mental-health complications."—eds.

What an insult!! The final indignity!! Referring to Help #24—Letter Page—name withheld's letter—who says HELP! is a "kids" magazine?

I read it—have for five years. My wife reads it—my 17-year-old daughter and 18-year-old son read it!!

And complaining about sex—what slippage? After not complaining about your fotos of completely nude bosoms—not to mention fotos, paintings and drawings of girls stark naked, why complain about a bit of "slippage"?

Anyhow, keep up the good

work. Never mind the nuts who kick about everything and for gosh sakes don't let people start calling it a kids mag.

Kelly Rich and family
Jamestown, N. Y.

Here I was reading along in the letters to the editor department and lo and behold, there, right in front of my very eyes, was a letter knocking WONDER WART HOG! Is nothing sacred anymore? Are the Granny Ladies everywhere?

Personally, we of the adolescent humor set like Gilbert Shelton's little fantasy. So what if the guy did droodle for the Texas RANGER and



the thing was sold in the college bookstore I'm willing to forgive. Hell, I'll forgive the fact that Jay Lynch worked for AARDVARK and Paul Merta for the CHAPARRAL. I'm a pretty forgiving guy.

Should, however, you feel the urge to discontinue such adolescent humor, I'm not going to forgive. No indeed! You can grow up if you want to, but Uncle Robert is staying right next to the college humor stand in the college book store. Yes indeed!

Robert Follett
Seattle, Washington

The letter from Eve Lohman in the March issue of HELP! hit a sensitive chord in me. I'm not an inveterate Letter-to-Editor writer, or you would have heard from me before. I've followed your work for many years. I suppose I'm one of the silent fans who figures your best applause is buying your magazine.

My first realization of you as an artist was a little masterpiece called "Henry and the Model T." Since then I've been rewarded many times for my awareness of the little K-man and the distinctive artwork.

I've been through Trump and Humbug with you, and I think I've a little of the same anguish you must have felt when they went down. And then came HELP! Salvation! K-man's done it again.

But wha happen? I pay 35¢ to buy a 42 page mag, and half of it is used to display photographs with funny captions. I'm not complaining about the high cost of satire, but what a waste. And where's the high-quality artwork there used to be? And Wonder Warthog? The first few issues of HELP! didn't show promise—they showed fulfillment. And I was more than satisfied. But since then, it looks like nobody's minding the store.

That's all I had to say, I said it. I'll probably always buy your work, I'm hooked. But I can't HELP! complaining.

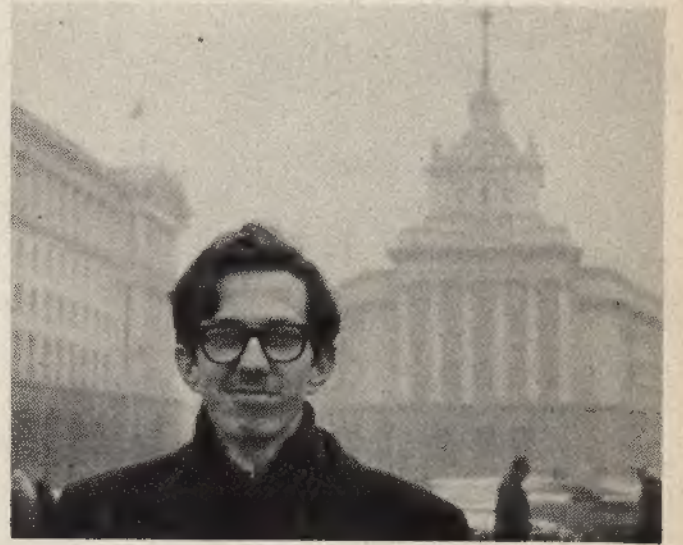
Peter Sheppard
Hoquiam, Wash.

Please address all mail to
HELP! letters, Department 25
527 Madison Avenue, N. Y.

BULGARIA



a sketchbook report
by Robert Crumb



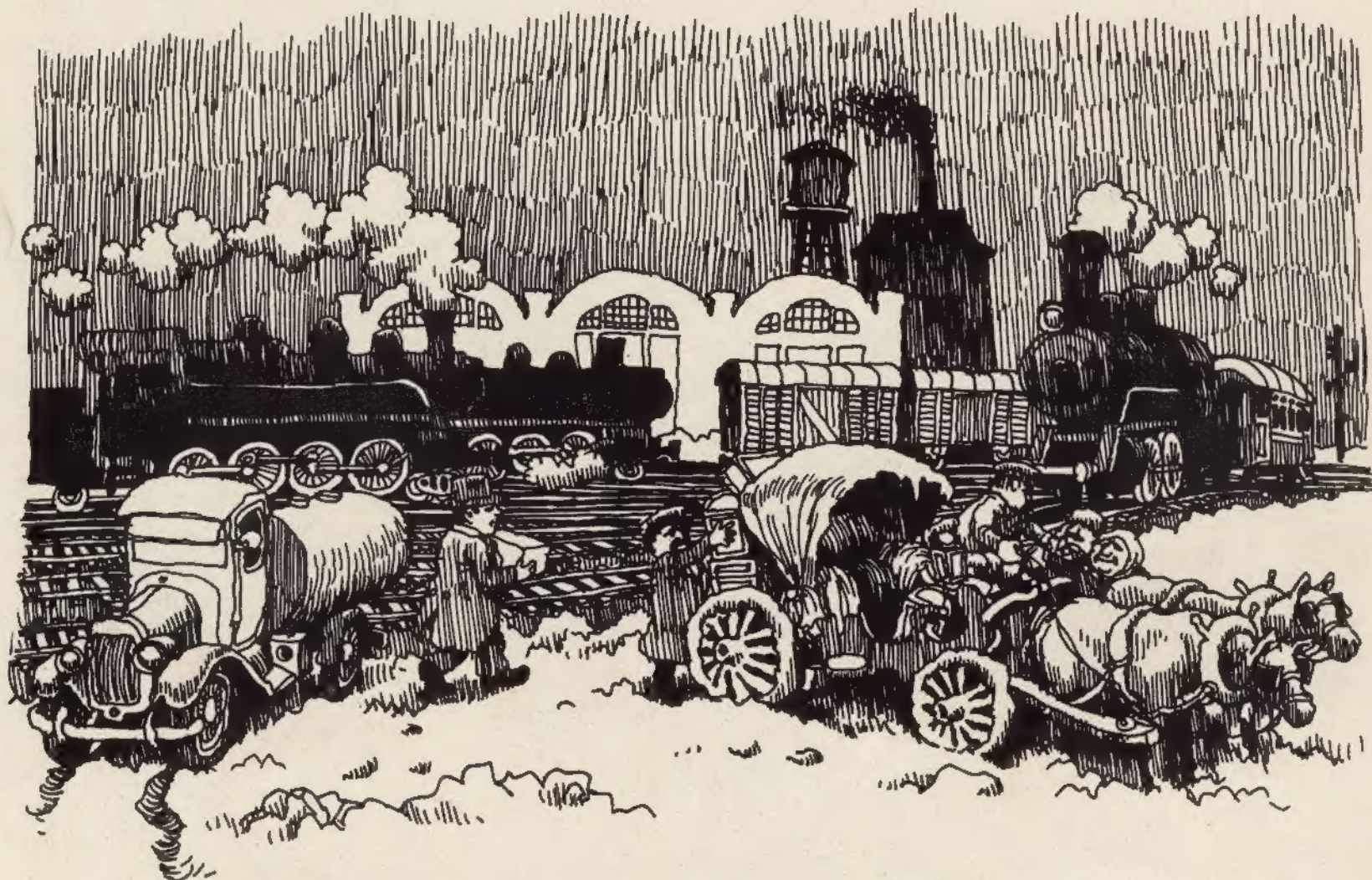
COMMUNIST PARTY
HEADQUARTERS IN SOFIA,
CAPITAL OF THE PEOPLE'S
REPUBLIC OF BULGARIA



ARRIVED IN SOFIA IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT... GETTING A TAXI WAS A REAL BITCH....



SINCE THE REVOLUTION,
BULGARIA'S CAPITAL HAS
MUSHROOMED INTO A
MODERN METROPOLIS.



BULGARIA IS A POOR COUNTRY, BUT ONE CAN FIND A WEALTH OF
BEAUTIFUL RELICS AND ANCIENT OBJECTS...

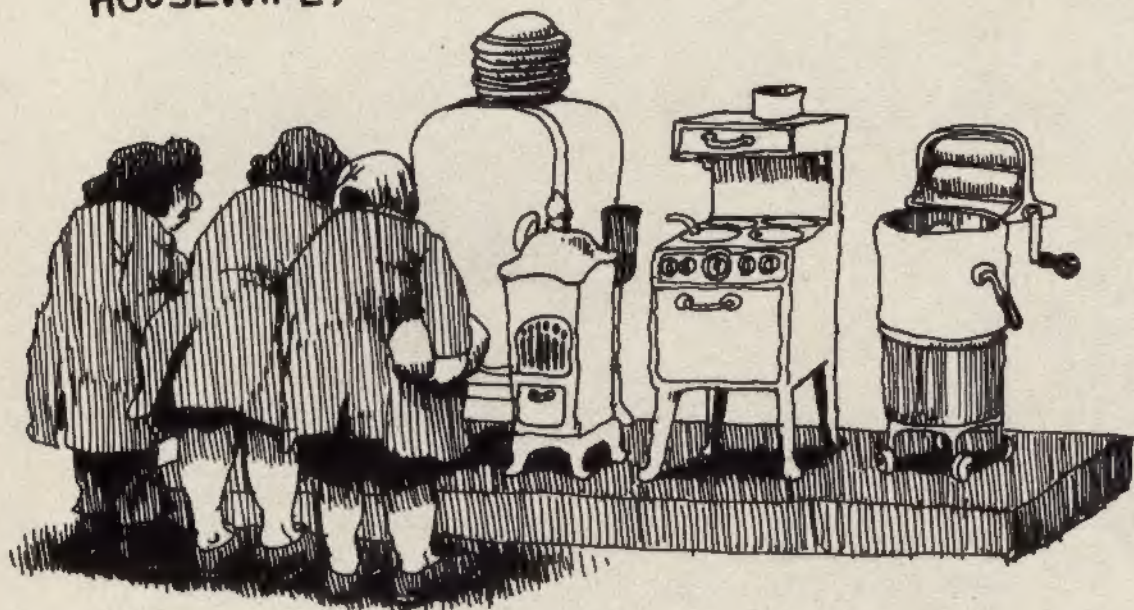


THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC IS FREE FROM DECADENT WESTERN "MOMISM."

FACTORY WORKERS ARE MORE
PRODUCTIVE IN COLORFUL, INSPIRING
SURROUNDINGS.



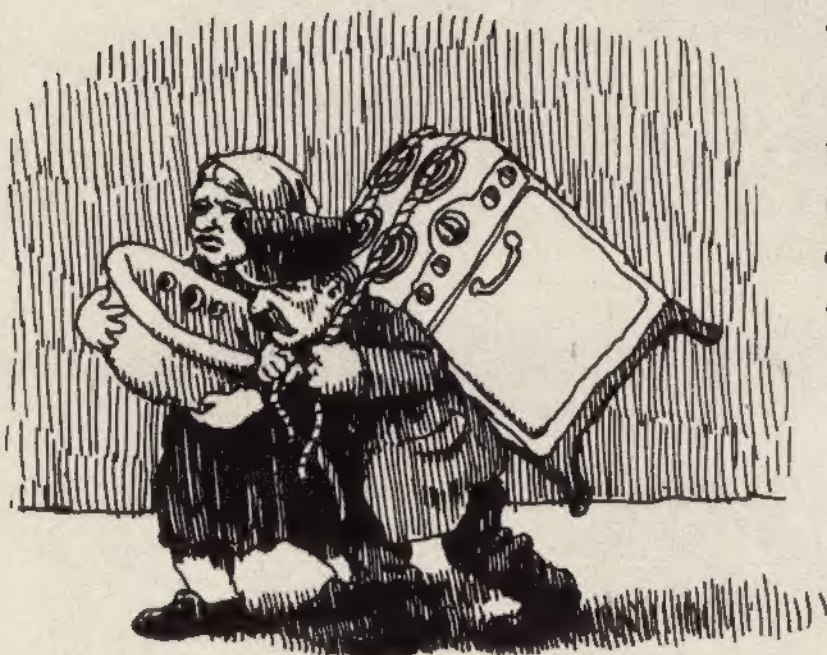
A WIDE VARIETY OF
HOME APPLIANCES
HAVE BEEN MADE
AVAILABLE TO THE
BULGARIAN
HOUSEWIFE.



ЛИЛЗ
СТОТИНКИ
ЩОФЗ



SMALL
VESTIGES OF
FREE ENTERPRISE
STILL EXIST.



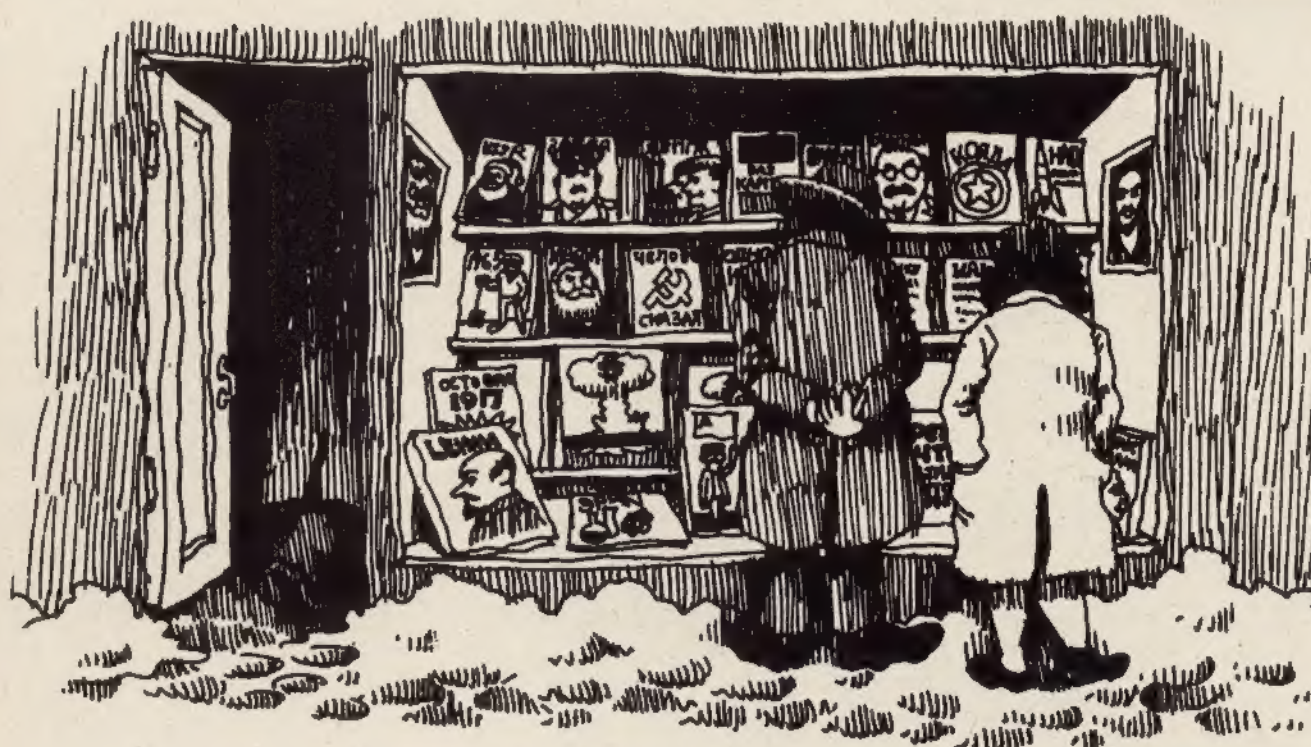
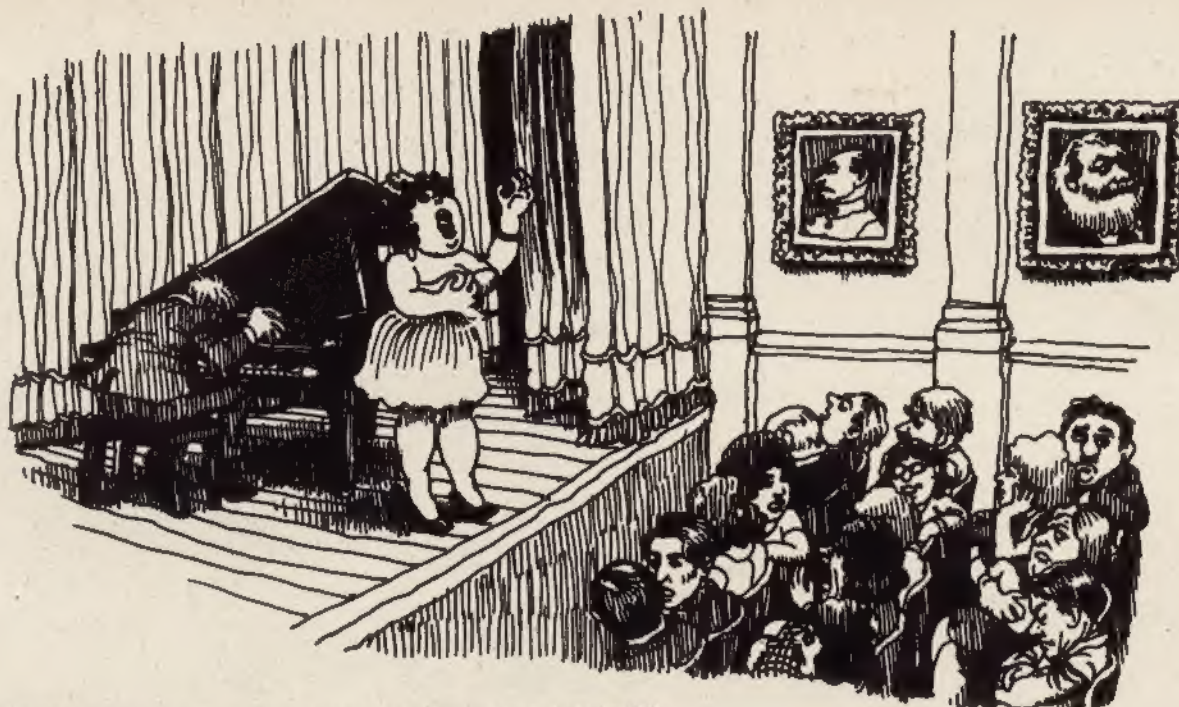
THE PEOPLE
NOW HAVE
BUYING-POWER,
BUT IT'S ALL
ON A "CASH-AND-
CARRY" BASIS.



RUSSIA SENDS FARM MACHINERY TO BULGARIA IN EXCHANGE FOR MUCH-NEEDED
WHEAT AND OTHER CROPS.

CULTURE IN BULGARIA

MUCH OF THE CULTURE
OF THE NEW PEOPLE'S
REPUBLIC IS IMPORTED
FROM THE U.S.S.R.



STATE PUBLISHING
HOUSES PROVIDE
HUNDREDS OF NEW
BOOKS EVERY
YEAR FOR THE
ENLIGHTENMENT
OF THE MASSES.



THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART IS FILLED WITH INSPIRING WORKS THAT ARE EASILY
UNDERSTOOD BY THE AVERAGE MAN. DEGENERATE "ABSTRACT" ART IS NOT PERMITTED.

NEW BALLET
DEPICTS STRUGGLES
OF THE WORKING
CLASS.



THEY WOULD LIKE
TO DO THE TWIST
BUT IT'S AGAINST
THE LAW.

ANYWAY, SOME WESTERN
INFLUENCES DO
SEEP IN....



R. CRUMB

end



THE SUPPER CLUB CAPER with INSPECTOR FERMEZ LABOUCHE

Match wits with the Inspector (played by Manus Pinkwater) — find picture clue that leads to the murderer.

Cast from The Upstairs at the Downstairs Revue

Noodles	Virgil Curry	Rodney Withers...	Richard Blair
Miss Liberty	Marian Mercer	Ginny Saykwa	Carol Morley
Poultney Groin	R.G. Brown	Toni Cadet.....	Judy Knaiz

Photographed at The Upstairs at the Downstairs in NYC

Inspector Fermez Labouche of the Manhattan Surete and the Strong-arm Squad arrives at a fashionable and intine midtown supper club where he has been summoned by Noodles Brodksy. Noodles, the pride of Warsaw, S. D., and second banana in a musical-saw act, is a principal in the show at the club.



"Jesus," says Noodles, "I thought you said you'd hurry over." "I couldn't get a rickshaw," says Labouche mysteriously. Inside the club, which is situated over a used bagel shop, Noodles expostulates: "Inspector, you won't believe this, but somebody in this club has been trying to kill me." "I believe it," says Labouche, his famous eye for clues darting about the premises. "I've been shot at, slightly

poisoned and pushed off my elevator shoes by an unknown assailant," complains Noodles. "Are you listening?" "I'm listening," replies Labouche. "You could at least look interested," says Noodles peevishly. "Anyway, we're a chic cast of six mirthmakers, but I get the feeling somebody *hates* me." "It's possible," vouchsafes Labouche.

Continued



As the cast rehearses a light-hearted-but-patriotic number, it becomes obvious by the abundance of curled lips, clenched teeth and dilated nostrils, that Noodles Brodsky is perhaps not the most popular member of the cast. The act reaches its climax closing with the Statue of Liberty in the background and the lines, "Hip hooray for the North, and hip horray for the South, and the Mississippi River

with its big fat mouth," and the stage lights black out. This is normal for the end of the act. However, from the darkened proscenium, a wild scuffle is heard. Then, out of the darkness comes a "YAAARGH!" "I don't like the sound of that YAAARGH!," says Labouche leaping to the light console, neatly karate chopping the stage manager and turning on the lights.



When the lights go on they reveal that somebody has stabbed Noodles in mid-note. "He looks like an IBM card," says Labouche, pulling back Noodles' coat and showing a neat row of stab wounds across his abdomen. "Don't anybody fold, spindle, or mutilate this body until I complete my investigation," says Labouche sternly. "I don't suppose any of you will object if I search you for weapons,

hmmmmmm?" asks Inspector Labouche. "Not I," says Poultny Groin. "Nor I," says Rodney Withers. "Me first," shouts Poultny Groin, with a gay titter. "I certainly do object," says Toni Cadet. "Then we'll start with you, my dear, heh, heh, heh," replies the jovial inspector. "Don't be afraid, my dear, why I'm old enough to be your sugar daddy."



With a thoroughness learned from a career of carefully reading Dick Tracy Crimestoppers, Inspector Labouche searches the immediate vicinity. After a search which spares no nook or cranny ("How'd you like a slap in the face?" asks Toni Cadet), Inspector Labouche knows who the murderer is! But with typical police thoroughness ("Hey, watch your hands, fat boy!" says Ginny Saykwa), Labouche

carries on the search. Then he asks casually, "Say, where is that girl portraying the Statue of Liberty, anyway?" "There she goes now!" says recently-turned-fink, Rodney Withers. Very deftly for a fat man, Inspector Labouche pursues Miss Liberty through the thicket of empty tables and chairs. Finally, by a couple of very underhanded maneuvers, Labouche catches up with the fleeing girl.



"Take that!" he pants, delivering a karate punch to the girl's neck. How did Inspector Labouche know who did it?

ANSWER:

The minute he saw the neat row of wounds hemisitched across Noodles' stomach, he said to himself: "Now that's a wound could only be dealt by a girl ramming a fella in the gut with her Statue of Liberty hat." That searching business was just for fun. The motive, incidentally, was unrequited affection. It turned out Noodles had no love of Liberty.

ART AFTERPIECES

BY WARD KIMBALL

From Art Afterpieces by Ward Kimball



STILL LIFE, Paul Gauguin



PORTRAIT OF MY MOTHER, James McNeill Whistler



THE ABDUCTION OF THE DAUGHTERS OF LEUCIPPUS, Peter Paul Rubens



THE CHASTISEMENT OF LOVE, School of Caravaggio



DIANA, François Boucher



PORTRAIT OF NICCOLO SPINELLI, Hans Memling



APELLES PAINTING A PORTRAIT OF CAMPASPE, Giovanni Tiepolo



THE DRAWBRIDGE, Vincent Van Gogh



OLD WOMAN CUTTING HER NAILS, Rembrandt



MONA LISA, Leonardo Da Vinci



THE ANATOMY LESSON or THE ANATOMY OF DR. TULP



THE MONEYLENDER AND HIS WIFE, Quentin Massys



MISS WILLOUGHBY, George Romney



CRISPIN AND SCAPIN, Honore Daumier



PORTRAIT OF A LADY, Rogier Van Der Weyden



THE AVENUE, Meindert Hobbema



ST. LUKE DRAWING THE VIRGIN MARY, Jan Gossaert



PINKIE, Sir Thomas Lawrence

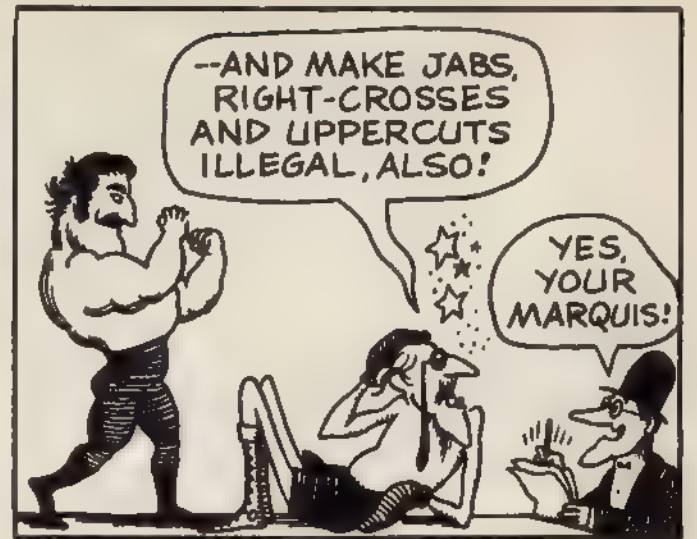
POOR ARNOLD'S ALMANAC

by ARNOLD ROTH

Though not dated enough to be considered true nostalgia, Arnold's Almanac will bring a tear to those who read and appreciated the feature when it was published five years ago. Arnold Roth is one of our finest contemporary cartoonists, appearing in practically all of the country's major magazines

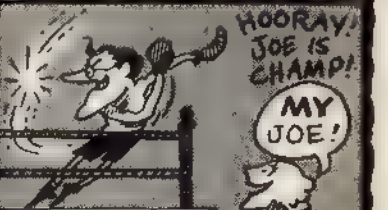


THE MARQUIS OF QUEENSBURY DEVISED THE PRESENT RULES.



MOVIES VS. REAL-LIFE

THE STANDARD HOLLYWOOD BOXING MOVIE



ARNOLD ROTH

A MORE-TRUE-TO-REAL-LIFE BOXING STORY



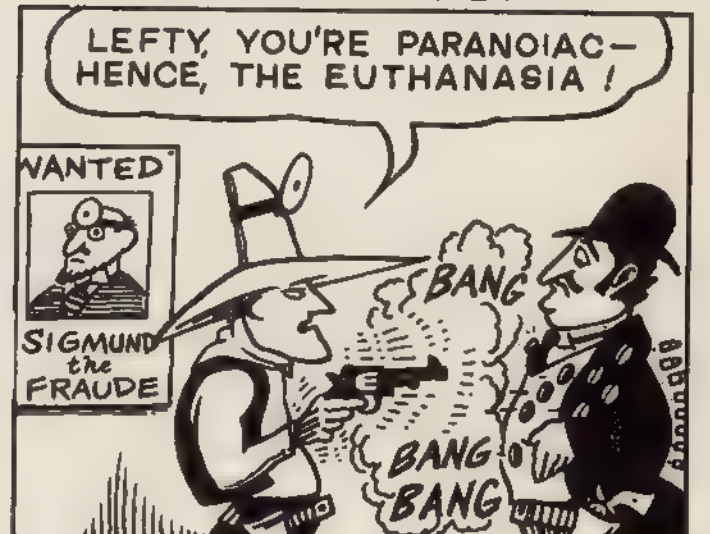
COWBOYS



OLD-STYLE, ROUGH AND TUMBLE, MOTION-PICTURE COWBOY

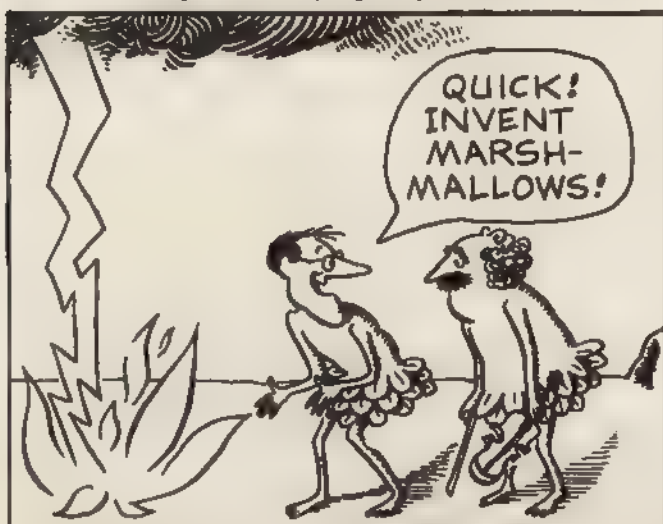


MODERN, PSYCHOLOGICAL, TELEVISION COWBOY

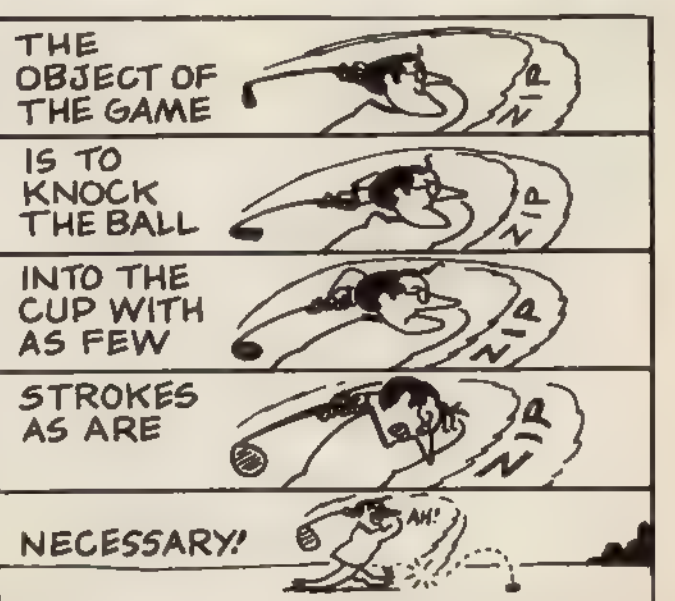


FIRE

PRIMITIVE MAN DISCOVERED FIRE BY ACCIDENT.



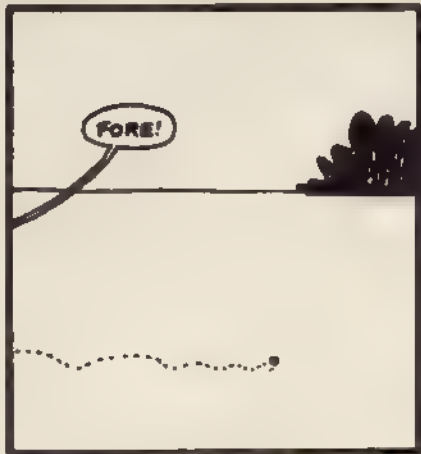
GOLF



THOUGH GOLF IS NOT NECESSARILLY A RICH MAN'S GAME - IT IS MOST POPULAR DURING TIMES OF PROSPERITY!



1927



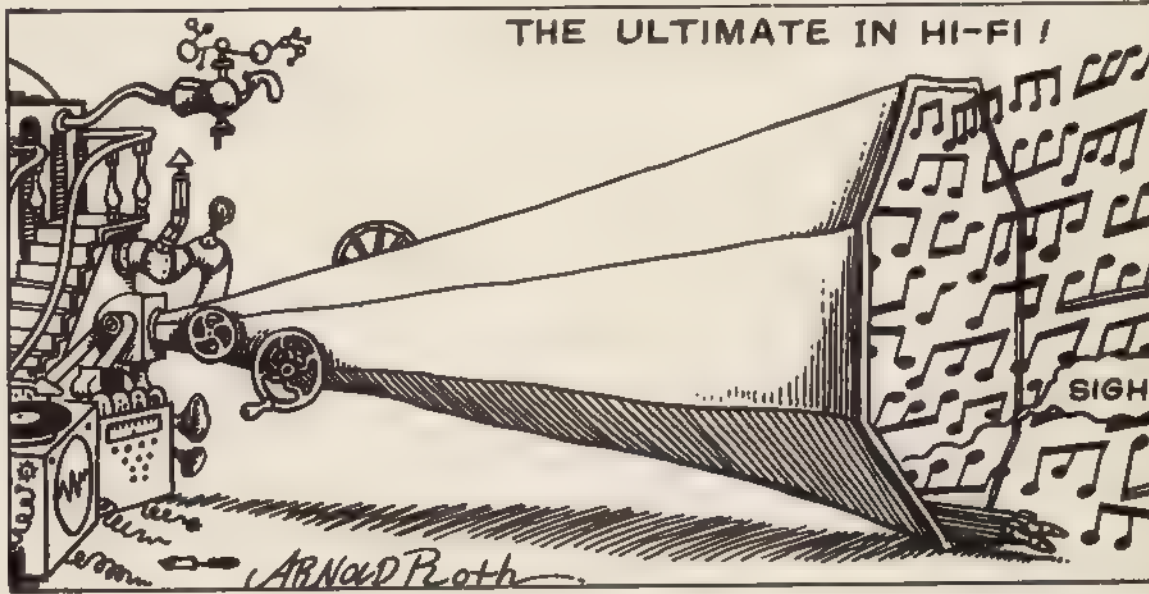
1931



1960



QUESTION: CAN HI-FI REALLY COMPETE WITH LIVE MUSIC?



THE ULTIMATE IN HI-FI!



IT COMES IN MANY FORMS...



IN CONES



ON A STICK



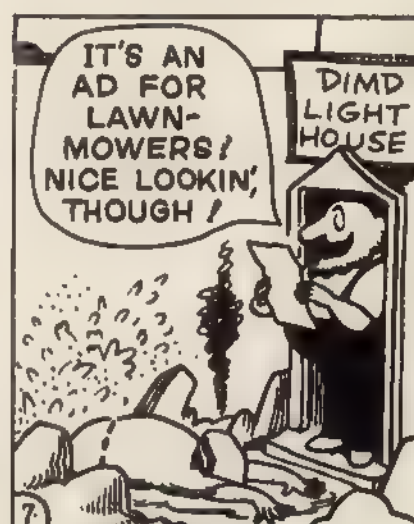
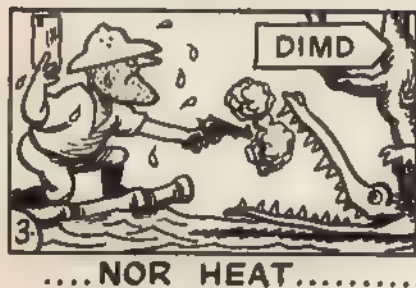
IN A 'SANDWICH'

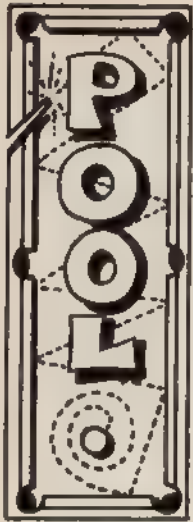


IN A DISH



..... NOR RAIN.....





POOL REQUIRES THE FOLLOWING SIMPLE EQUIPMENT:



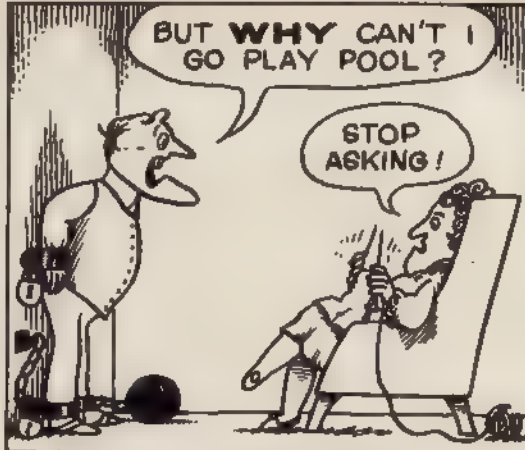
A TABLE,



POOL BALLS,

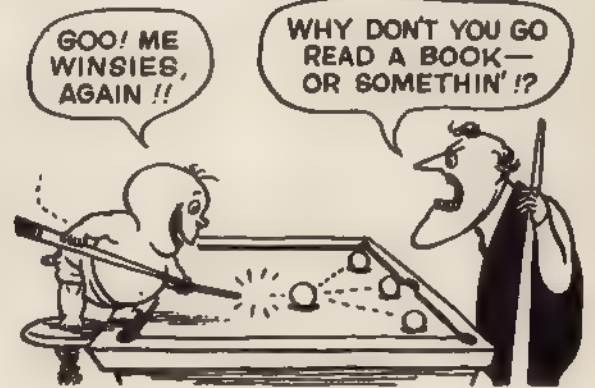


CUES,



— AND FREEDOM!

A SAGE SAID: "A GOOD POOL PLAYER IS THE RESULT OF A MISSPENT YOUTH."



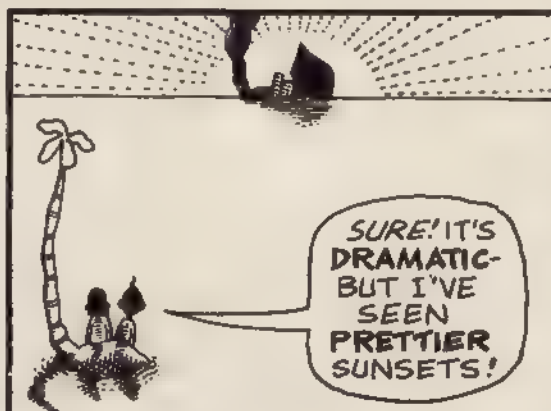
NO ONE KNOWS WHEN OR WHERE THE GAME STARTED!



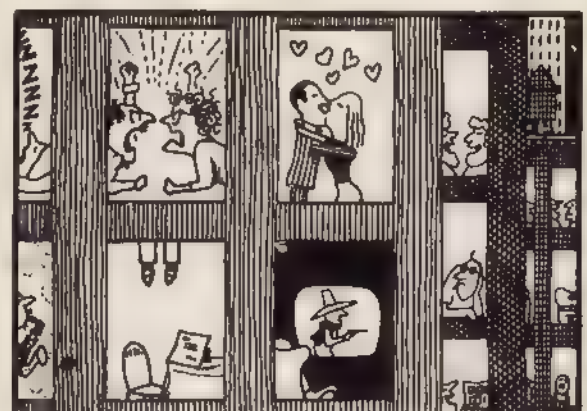
SCENERY COMES IN THREE STYLES:



LANDSCAPE



SEASCAPE




CITYSCAPE



A GOOD, HARD, FAST SERVE IS IMPORTANT!
* * * * *

STUDENTS: LEARN THE CORRECT FORM AS SHOWN IN THIS SLOW-MOTION PICTURE OF A FORMER CHAMPION!





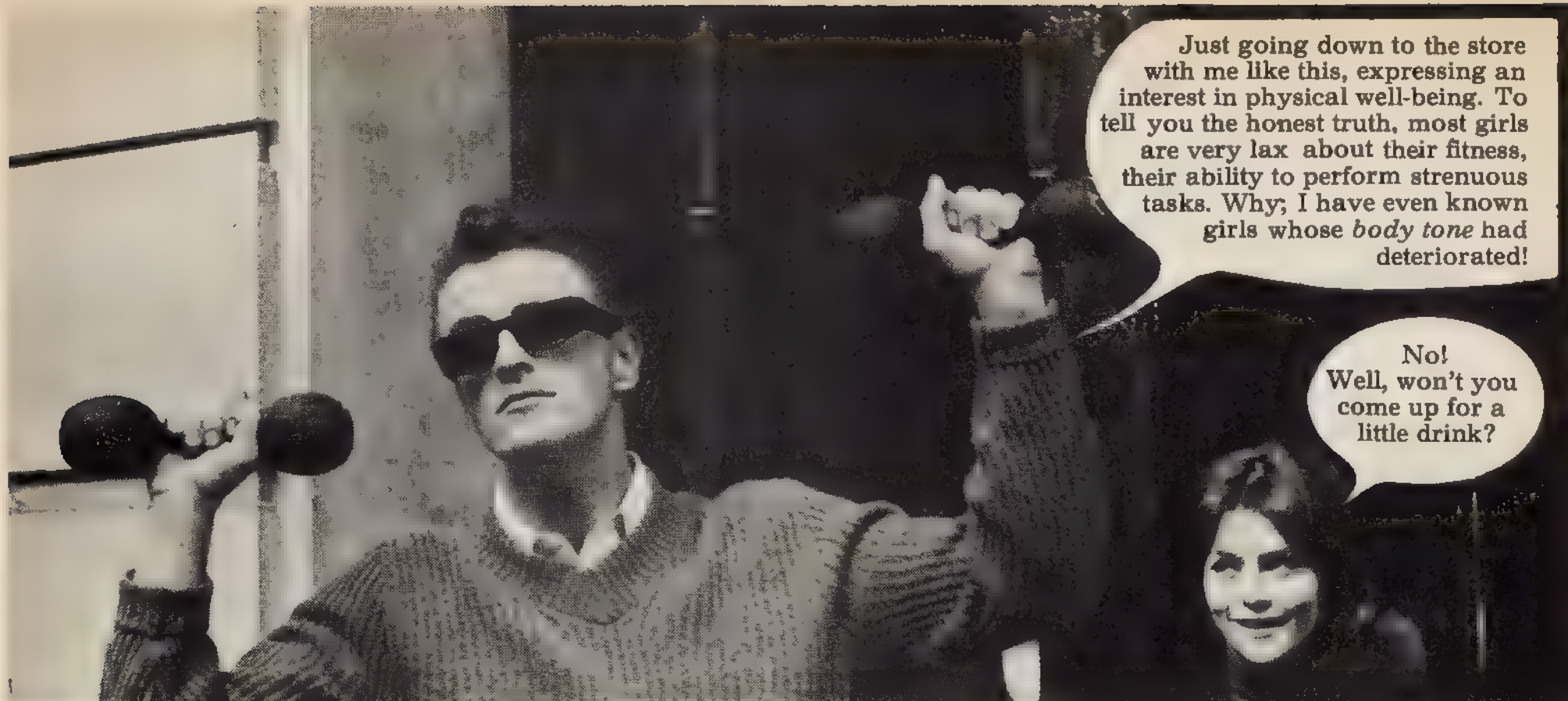
Gee,
Ashley, I sure
had a nice time going with
you to buy your new set of
barbells. I hope we can
do it again
sometime.

Entirely
my pleasure, Euphemia.
Frankly—and I sincerely
mean this—most girls aren't
interested in such things.
But you're
different.

SAUNA THESE DAYS

by Dave Crossley

Who was it who once said "The pursuit of good health is good for one if one likes that sort of thing?" Was it Pepin the Short? Was it? If not the statement is undoubtedly anonymous as is its author. On the other hand it might have been misquoted down through the centuries losing something in the transportation. No matter for the meaning is still with us, and our hero, Ashley Beltbuckle, and our heroine, Euphemia Godsend, herein demonstrate the folly of the pursuit of health.



Just going down to the store with me like this, expressing an interest in physical well-being. To tell you the honest truth, most girls are very lax about their fitness, their ability to perform strenuous tasks. Why, I have even known girls whose *body tone* had deteriorated!

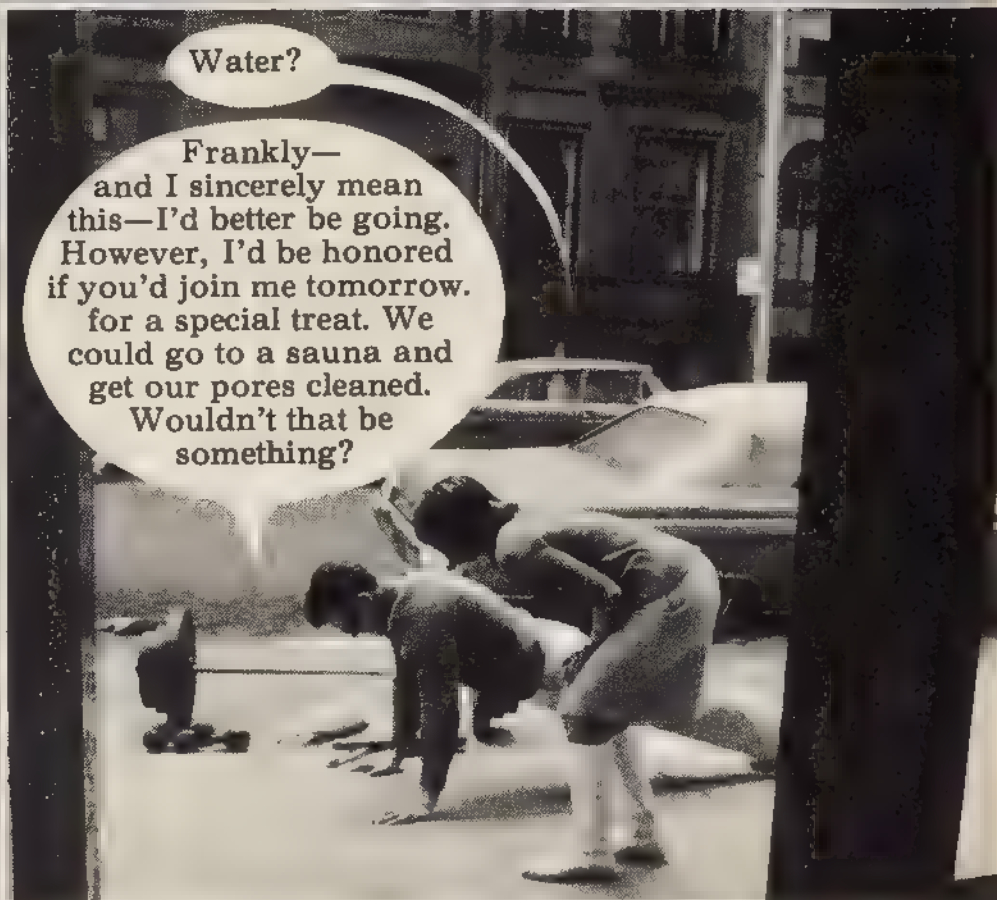
No! Well, won't you come up for a little drink?



Oh no, thank you very much, but I never drink.

Oh that's right. But you could come up and have a nice bottle of soda pop.

My teeth! My teeth!



Water?

Frankly—and I sincerely mean this—I'd better be going. However, I'd be honored if you'd join me tomorrow for a special treat. We could go to a sauna and get our pores cleaned. Wouldn't that be something?



I'll pick you up about ten.

Okay, Ashley, dear. Bye.



Is that Miss Unrequited Love I hear coming in?

Yeah!

Cut it out, Kirsten.

Oohwah, oohwah, oohwah diddy...

Yeah!

All Ashley ever thinks about is his *health*.

Ooo wah,
ooowah,
come awn
Kitty...

Yeh!

Yeah.
He's a
creep.

FRUG!
FRUG!

No, he's not. Everything's fine,
except I can't even get him to come
up to the apartment. He's afraid
it's not disinfected and he might
catch something. Or that something
might catch *him*, namely *me*. It's
just that all this health *means* so
much more to him than I do.
It's like a *religion* with him.

Yeah.
He's a
fanatic.

FRUG!
JERK!

Tell us
'baht the
bwah fum
Noo Yawk
City....

No, he's not.
Look, Kirsten, I don't know
what to do. If I could just get him
somewhere nice and quiet and all
alone... but no. Health, health,
health. *Tomorrow* he wants to
take me to a sauna, what-
ever that is.

Yeah!

Yeah
baby, that's
the scream-
in' sounds
from...

Yeah.
He's a
jerk.

YEH!
YEH!

Hey, wait! That's *it*! Don't you know what a sauna is?
It's like a Turkish bath only without steam and it's quiet
and all alone and warm and mostly it's *co-ed*! It's exactly
what you want! Just you and Ashley, alone in
a little sauna, and nude.

... Those
fab Mersey
Muthas
back
in groovy
Eng-uh-lend!

Nude?
Really?
How do
you
know?

FRUG!
TWIST!

AND A
YEH! YEH!
YEH!

My mother. My mother used to
have one in the old country. She
told me all about it. You beat
yourselves with birch branches
and you sweat and meditate
and things. You can get
completely *sozzled* just by
tossing a little liquor on
the stove.

Yeah!

Yeah!

Comin'
to you from
the Okay Ofays
at station W-ee-
eye-oh!

OOWAH!
OOH!

Ashley, nude
and drunk! Oh Kirsten, maybe
then I can get him to pay
some attention!

Yeah.
That creep.

Yeah!

JERK!
FRUG!
TWIST!
POW!



Well, here we are.

I'll say.



Have you ever been to a sauna before?

No, but I'm certainly looking forward to it.

I find that a most remarkable quality in a girl today. Frankly—and I sincerely mean this—most girls would be a little embarrassed the first time. But you're different.

Oh no I'm not.

What?



Nothing. Shall we go in?



Well, this is it.

Yeah. Gee, it's hot in here.



That's the whole point. The temperature is 210 degrees. Soon you'll begin to perspire profusely, washing out old, tired cells and evil bodily fluids. It's a purgative.

It's more like a purgatory.

But, gee, I'm with you and that's all that matters.



It feels so good sitting here snuggled together.

The good feeling is the poisons coming out of the pores.



My goodness, you're breathing heavily . . .

Oh yes, Ashley! I . . .

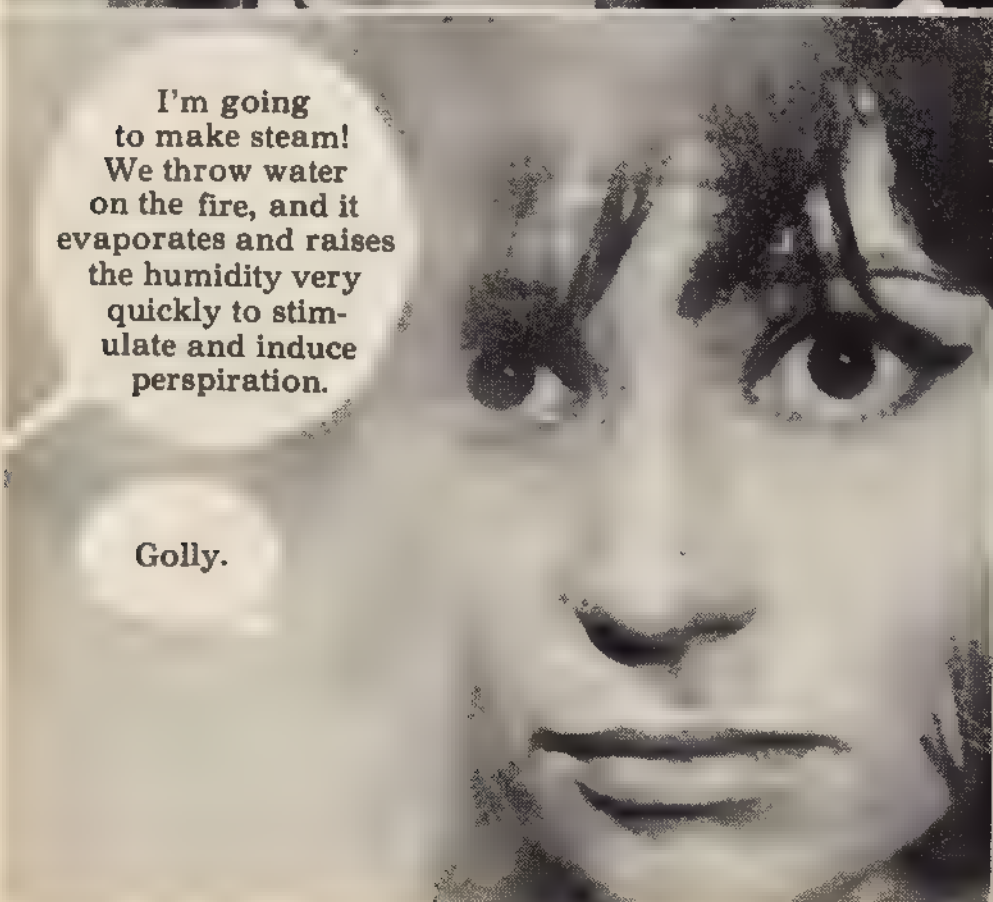


Fine, fine. You've got the right idea. Deep breathing exercises. Clears your system, opens up your sinuses.



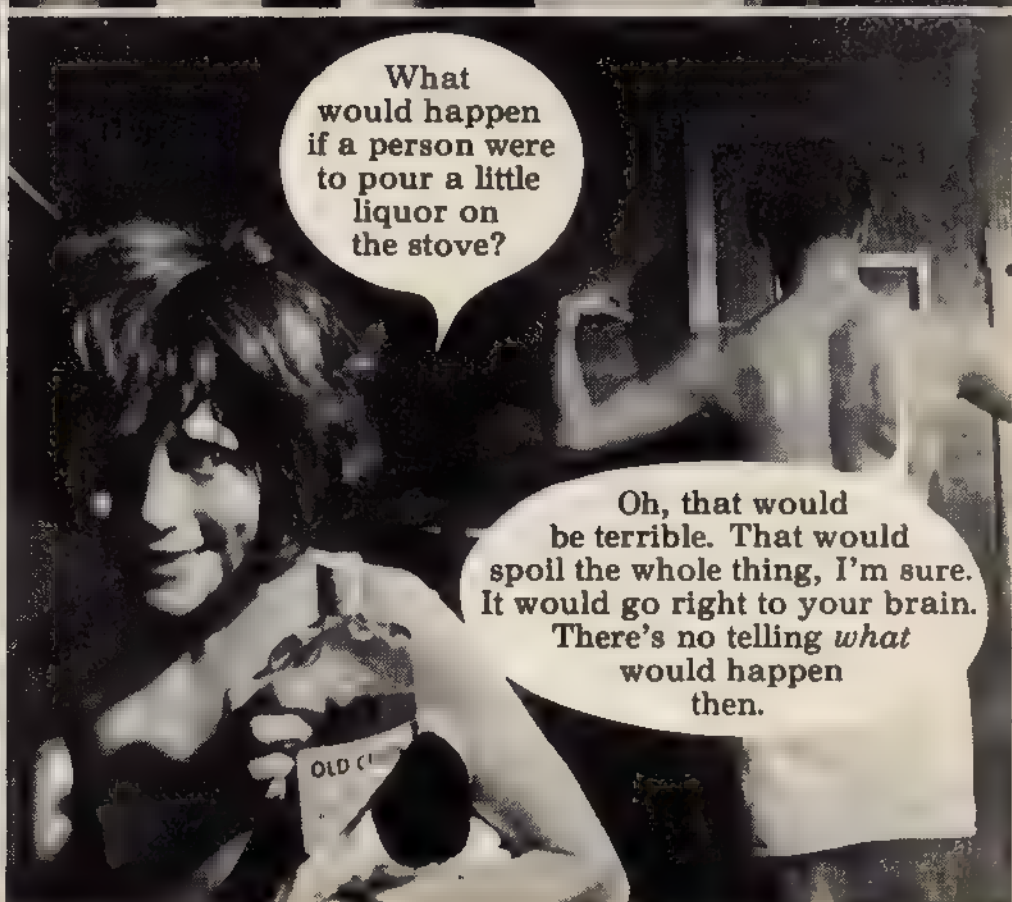
Now I'm going to do something that will *really* stimulate you . . .

Ashley, I don't *need* to be stimulated.



I'm going to make steam! We throw water on the fire, and it evaporates and raises the humidity very quickly to stimulate and induce perspiration.

Golly.



What would happen if a person were to pour a little liquor on the stove?

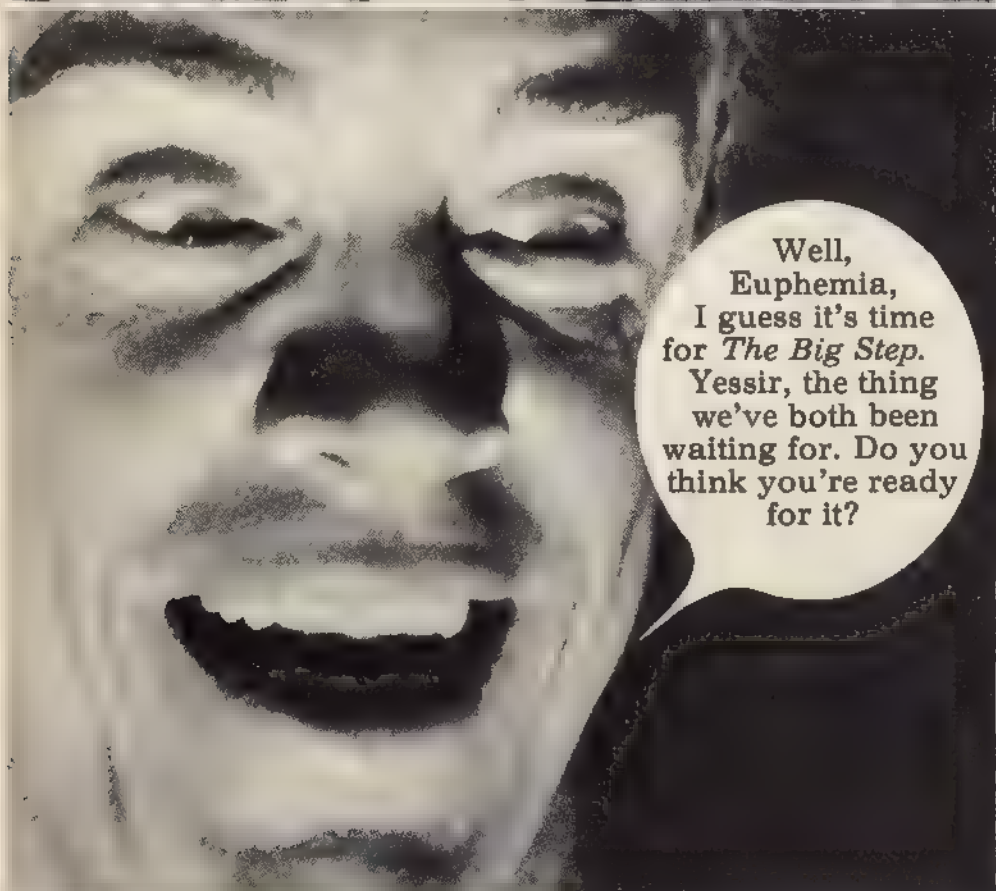
Oh, that would be terrible. That would spoil the whole thing, I'm sure. It would go right to your brain. There's no telling *what* would happen then.



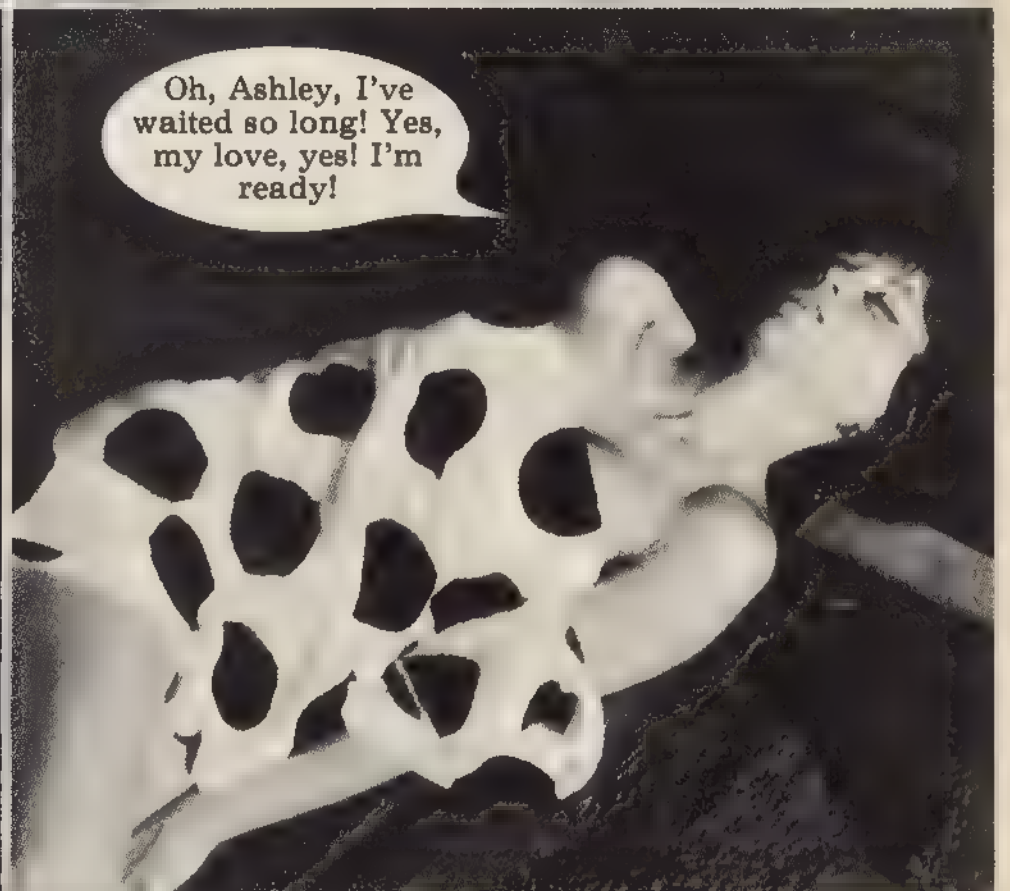
Yeah, gee.
Just no telling.



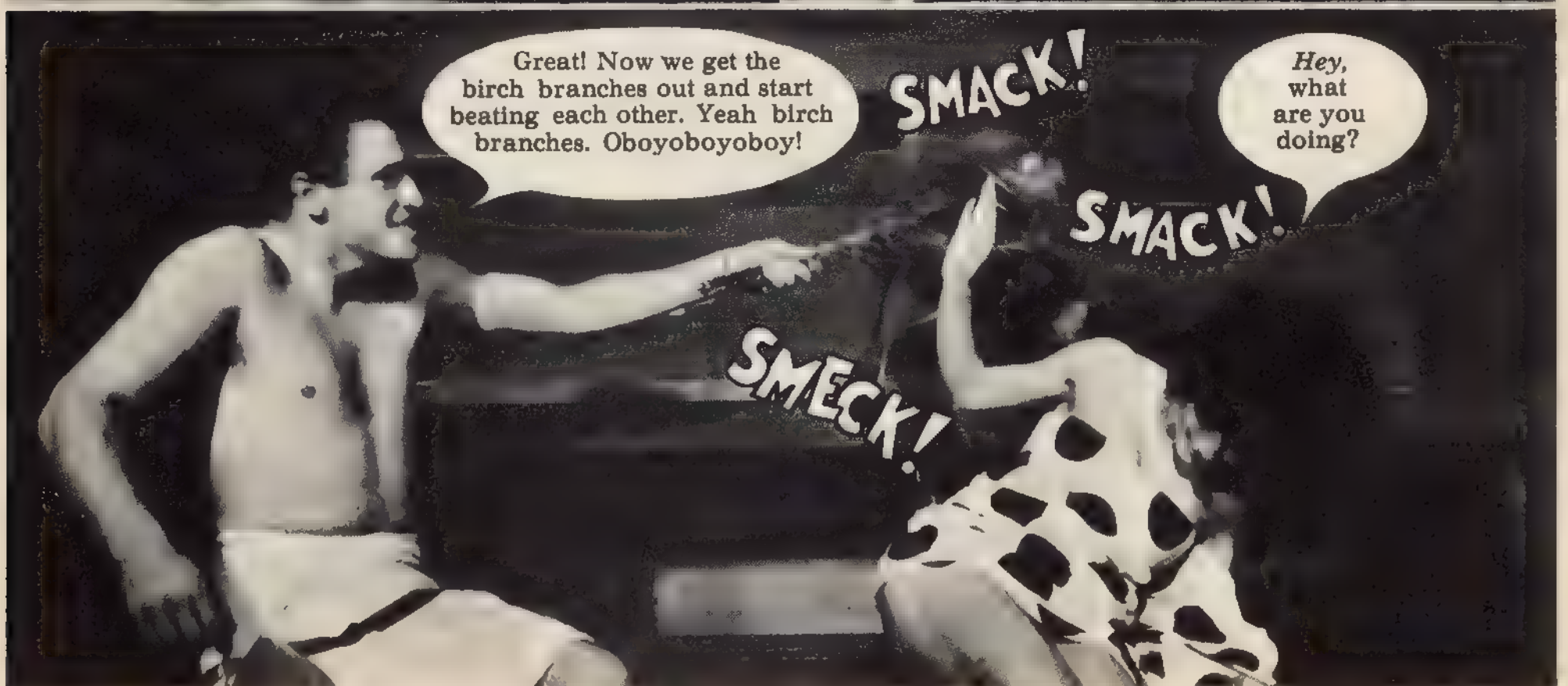
Gee. I
feel a little
funny. It's been
a long time since I
took a sauna last, I
guess. Boy, that feels
really good! Yeah, boy.
I'd forgotten
how *good* it feels. Boy,
is that circulation
ever huh? I *never*
felt this good
before.



Well,
Euphemia,
I guess it's time
for *The Big Step*.
Yessir, the thing
we've both been
waiting for. Do you
think you're ready
for it?



Oh, Ashley, I've
waited so long! Yes,
my love, yes! I'm
ready!



Great! Now we get the
birch branches out and start
beating each other. Yeah birch
branches. Obboyoboyoboy!

SMACK!

Hey,
what
are you
doing?

SMACK!

SMECK!



Yessirree,
kiddo, this is the stuff!
Whoop! Boy, I *never* ever
never felt this good!
God,
are we gonna be
healthy.

SMACKITY!
SMACK!
SMACK!

Oog!

Eek!



Now me for a while!
Whoop! Boy, that's *good*! Out with
the debbils! Out, out! Wow, *feel*
that blood running around!

SMACK!
SMACK!



Help! No,
no more!
Please!

-You
tired?

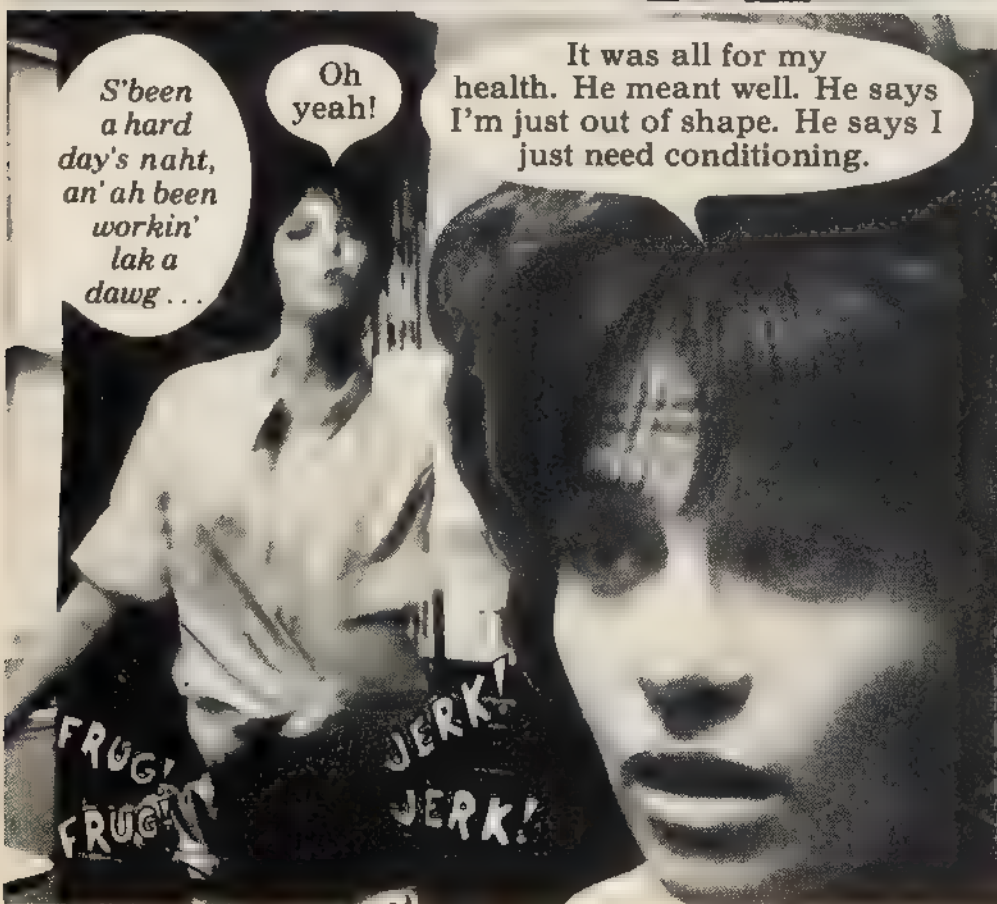


You're not used to this.
How would you like me to do
something to make you feel
better? Would you like that,
Euphemia?

Oh,
Ashley, yes.
I love you so.



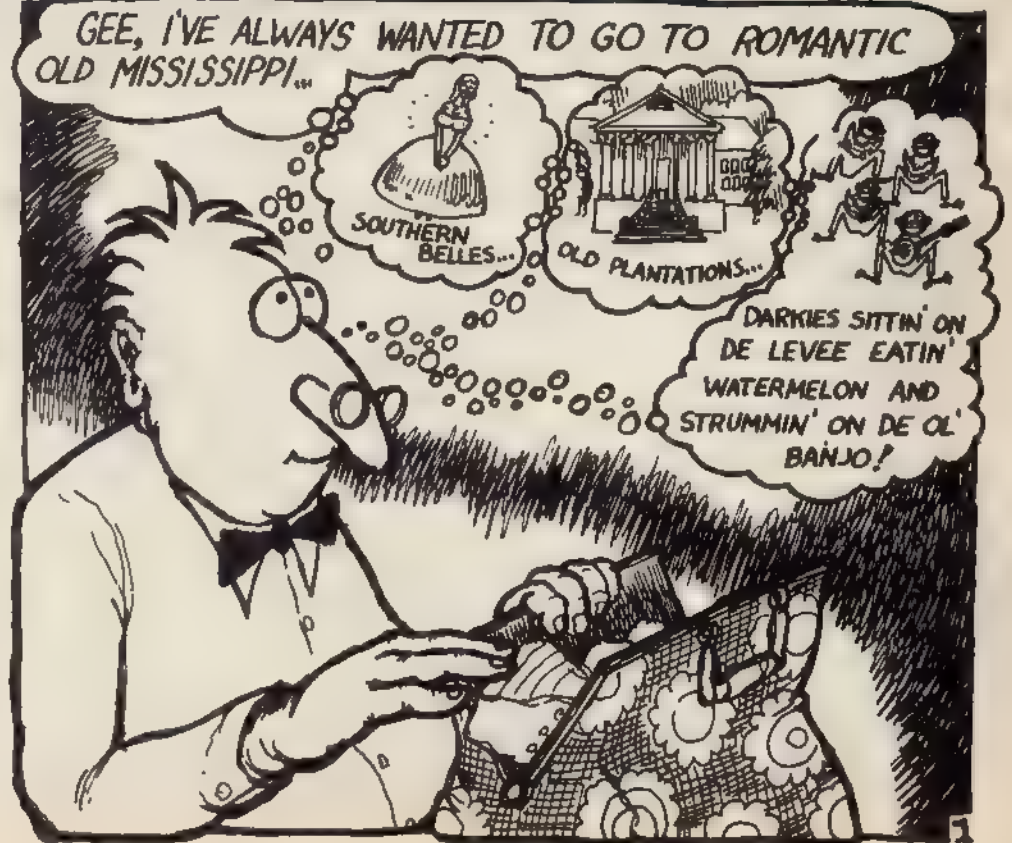
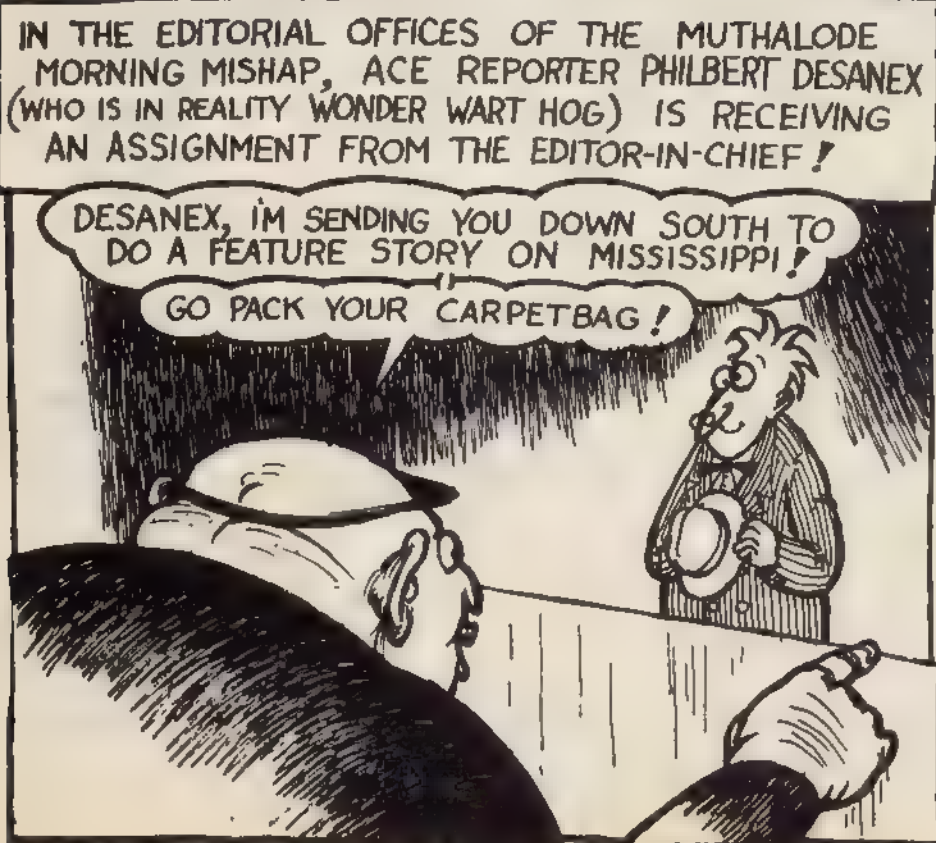
Okay, baby,
out in the snow and we'll
be the healthiest two muvvas
you ever saw in your
born days!

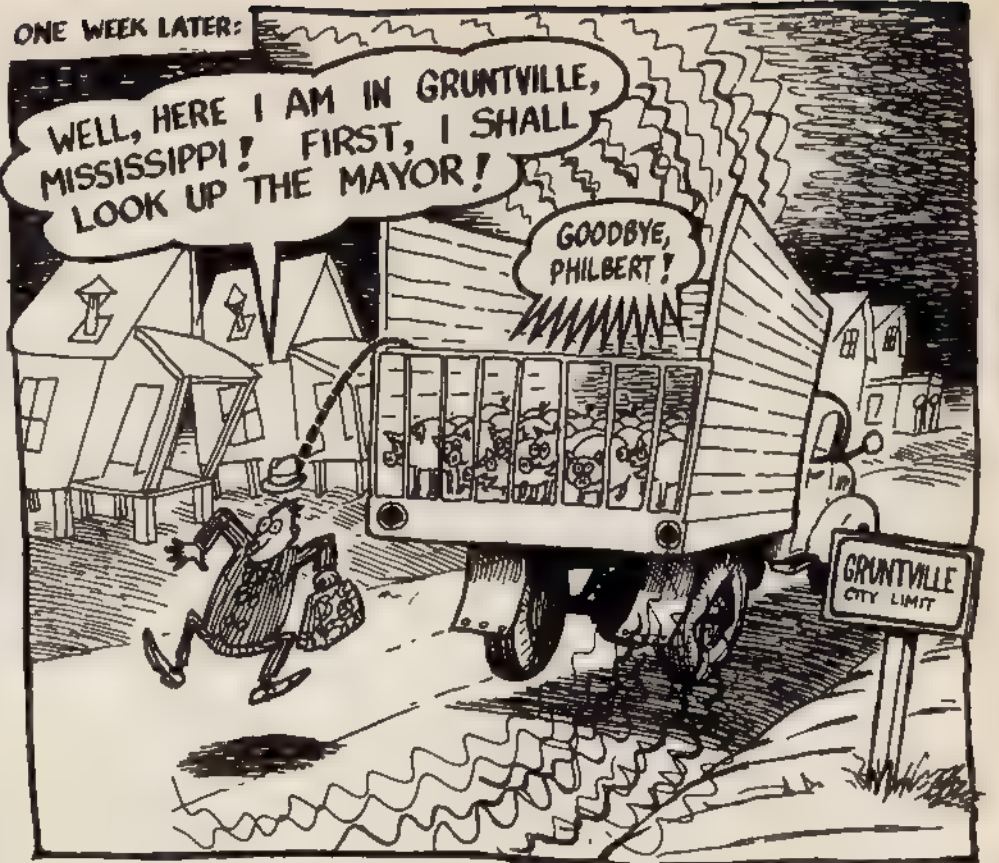
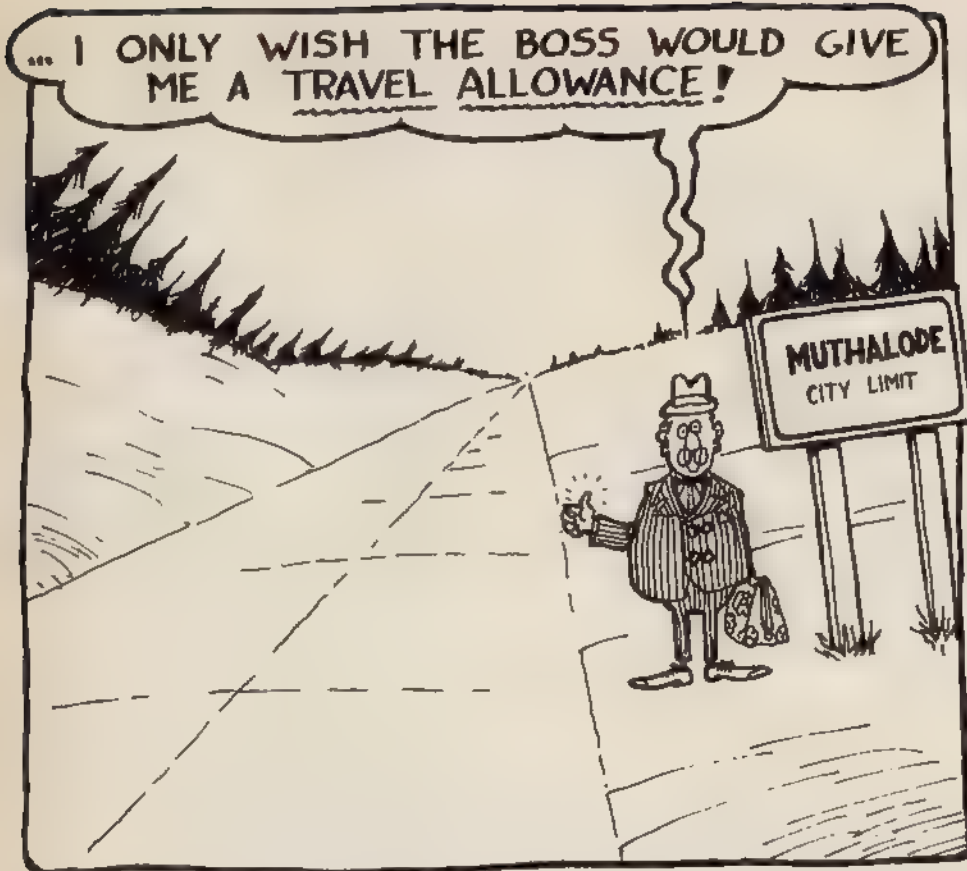


WONDER WART-HOG

THE HOG OF STEEL

GOES A-FREEDOM-RIDING!





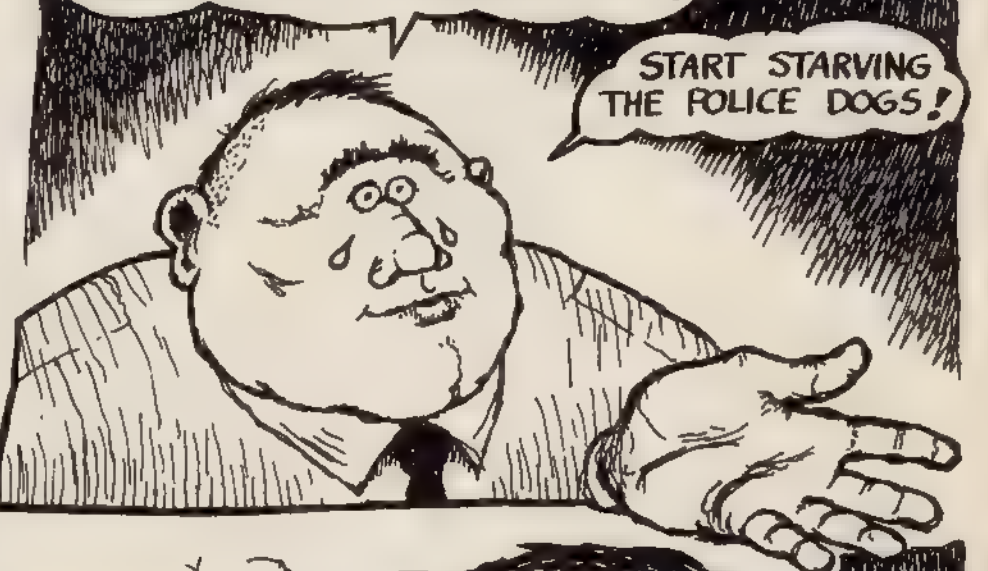
MEANWHILE, IN THE OFFICE OF THE SHERIFF OF GRUNTVILLE, "CATTLE PROD" COLLINS, THE GOOD CONSTABLE AND HIS DEPUTIES ARE GATHERED:

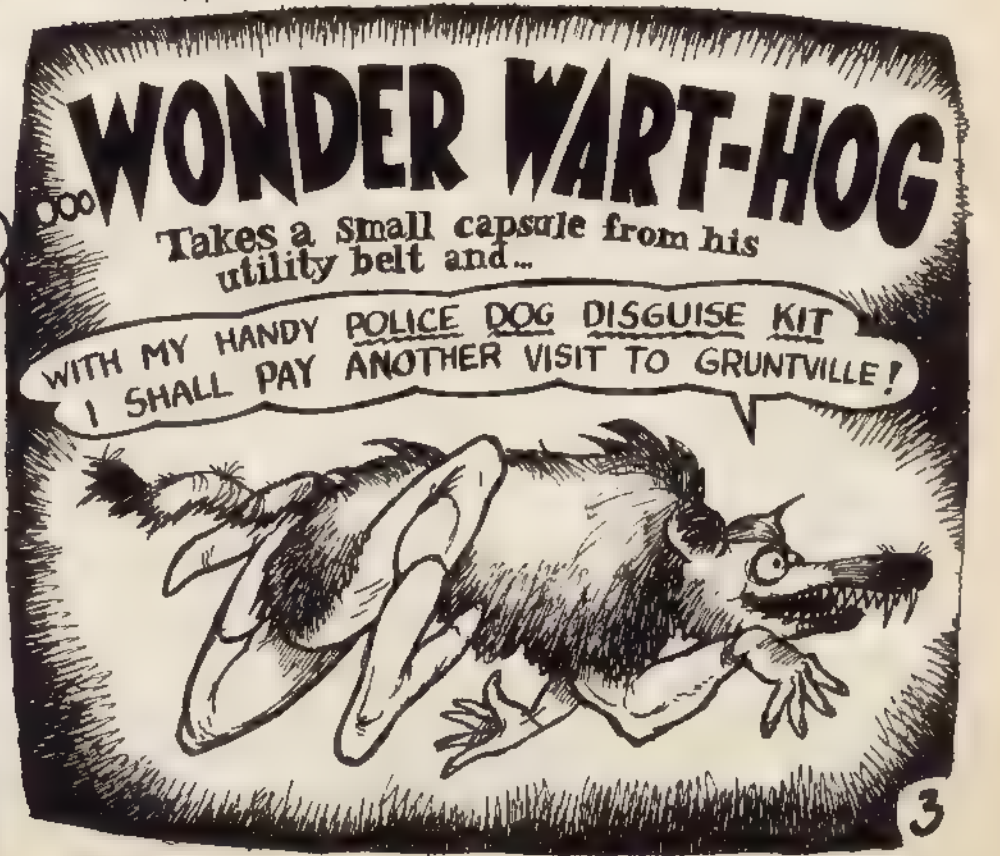
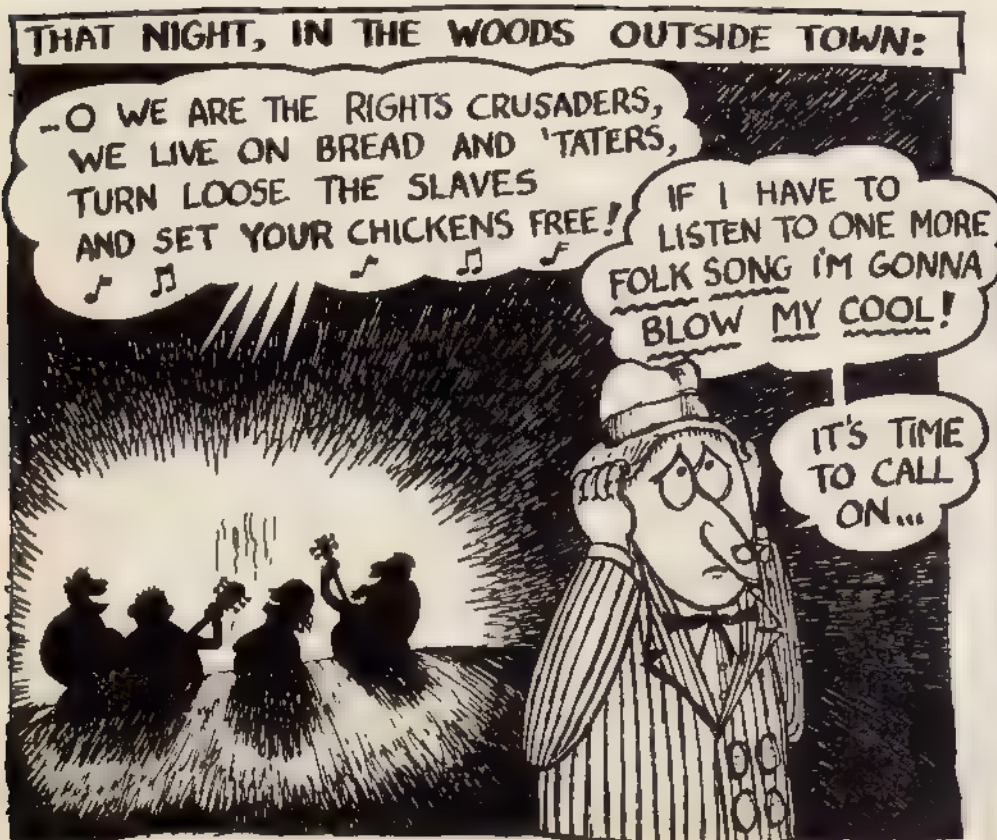
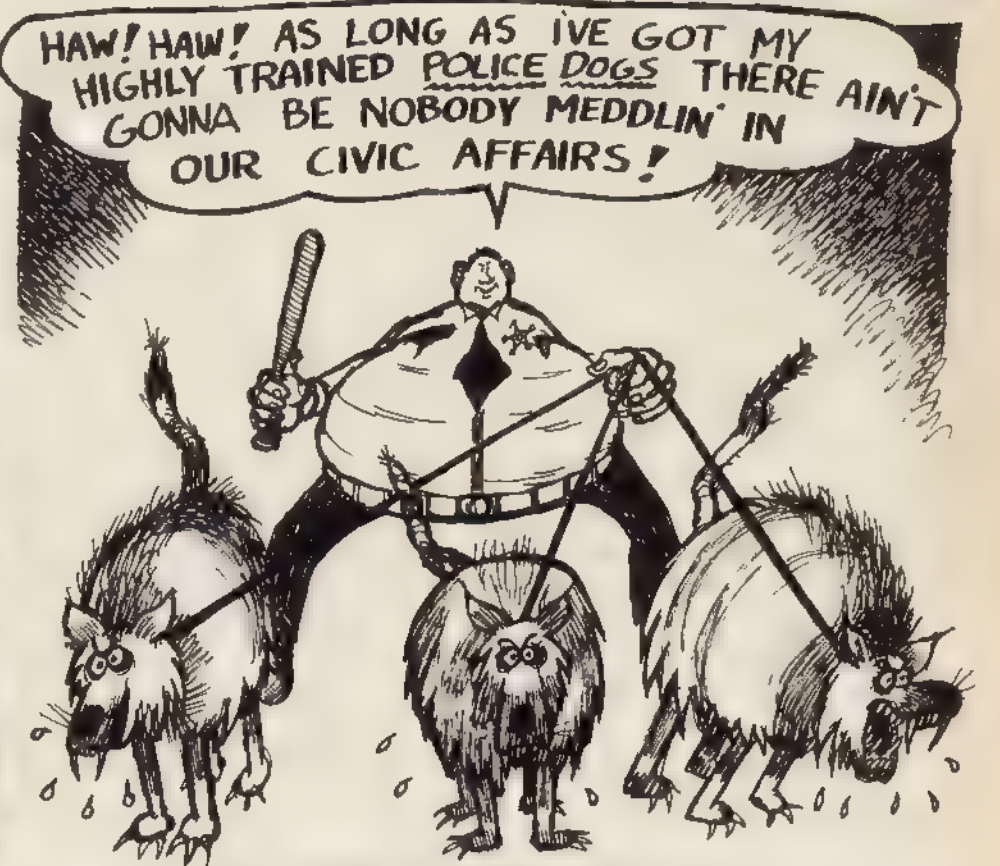
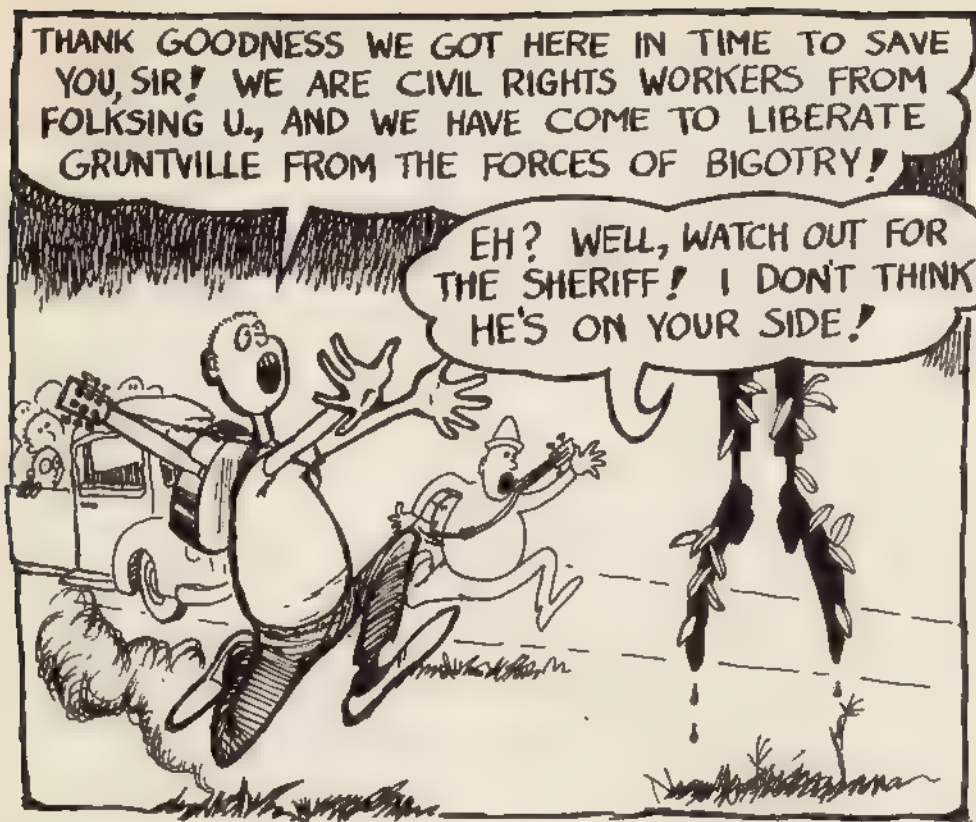
BAD NEWS, MEN! THIS TELEGRAM SAY THAT AN ARMY OF 5,000,000 COLLEGE-PUNK INTEGRATIONISTS HAS ANNOUNCED THAT THEY'VE PICKED GRUNTVILLE AS A TARGET FOR A DEMONSTRATION!

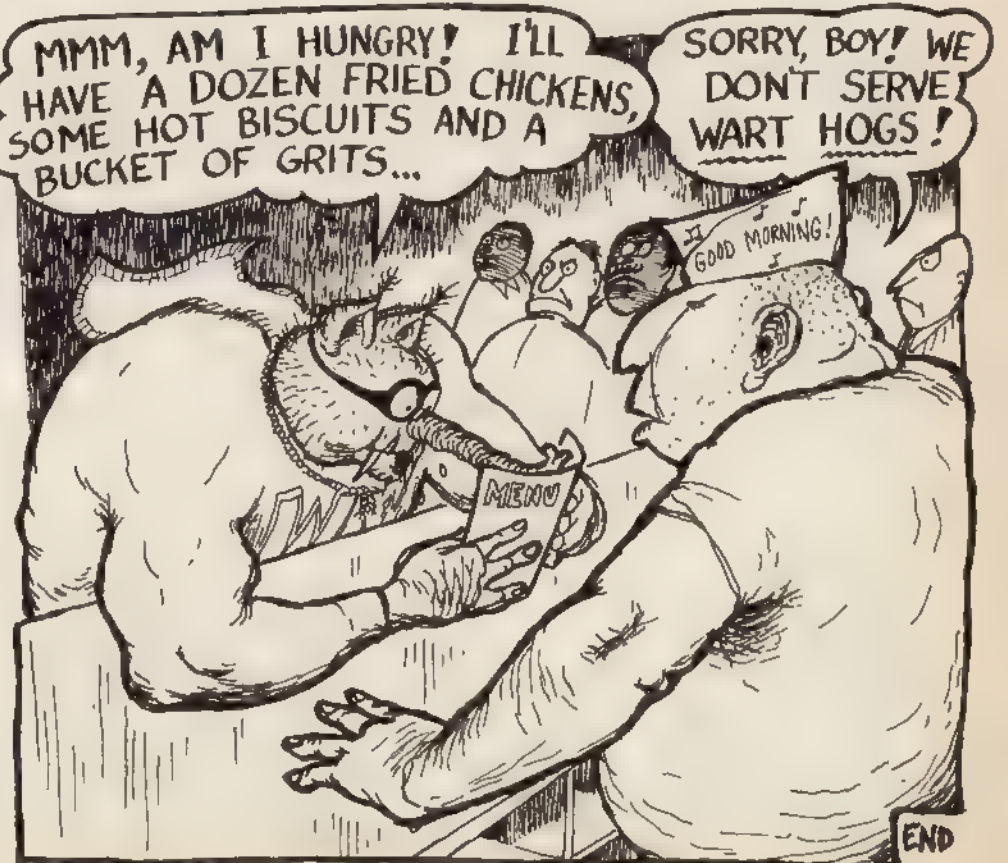
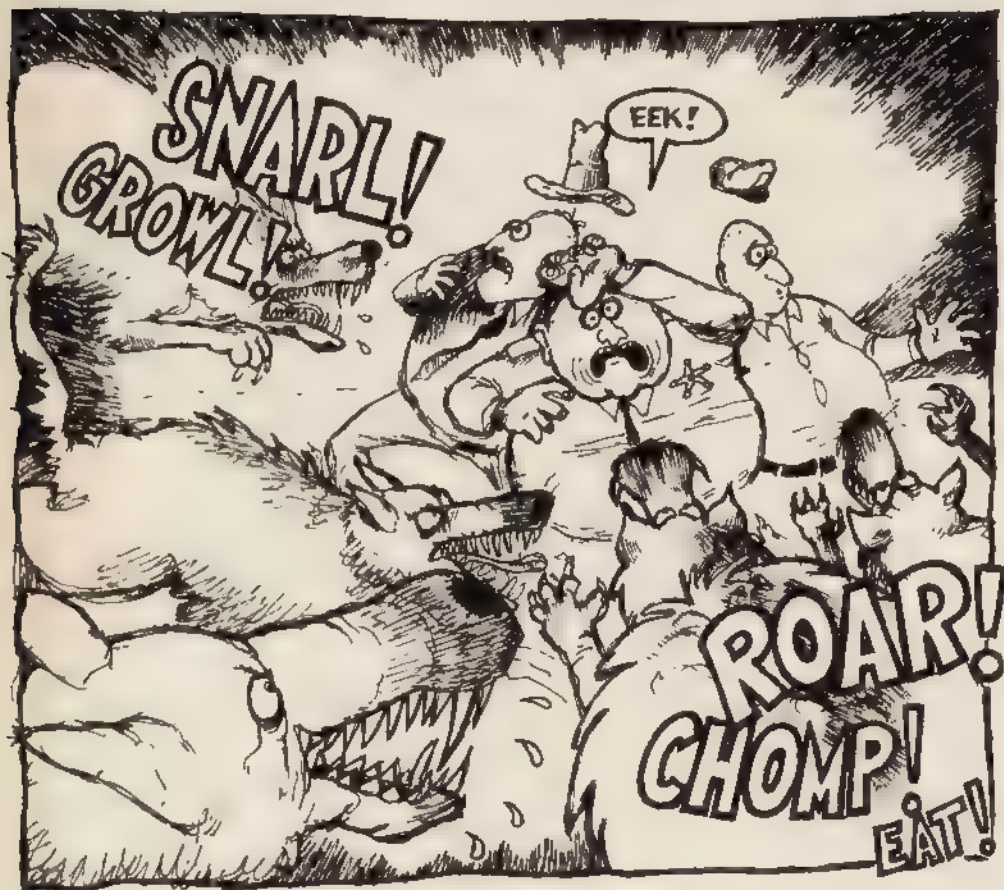
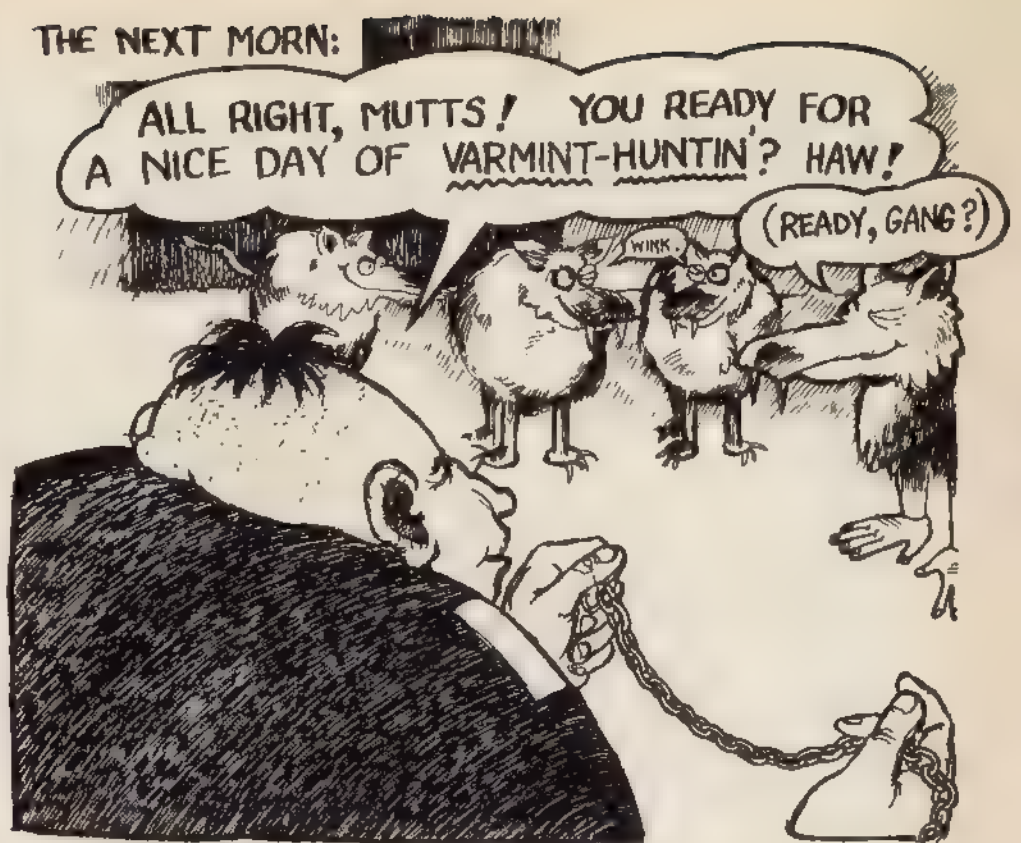
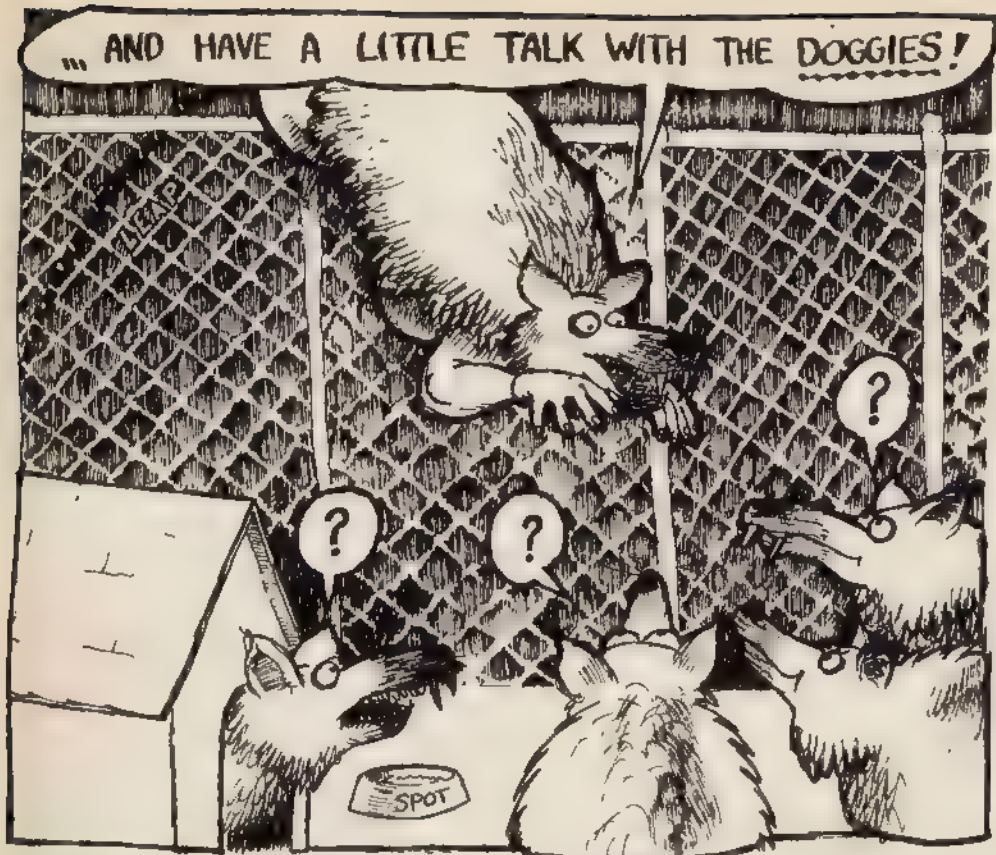


I WAS AFRAID OF THIS! SOME FOLKS, THEY THOUGHT THAT GRUNTVILLE WAS TOO SMALL TO ATTRACT ANY ATTENTION, BUT I KNEW WE COULDN'T ESCAPE FOREVER!

WELL, IF WE'RE GOING TO KEEP OUR SLAVES, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO KEEP THEM YANKEES OUT OF GRUNTVILLE!





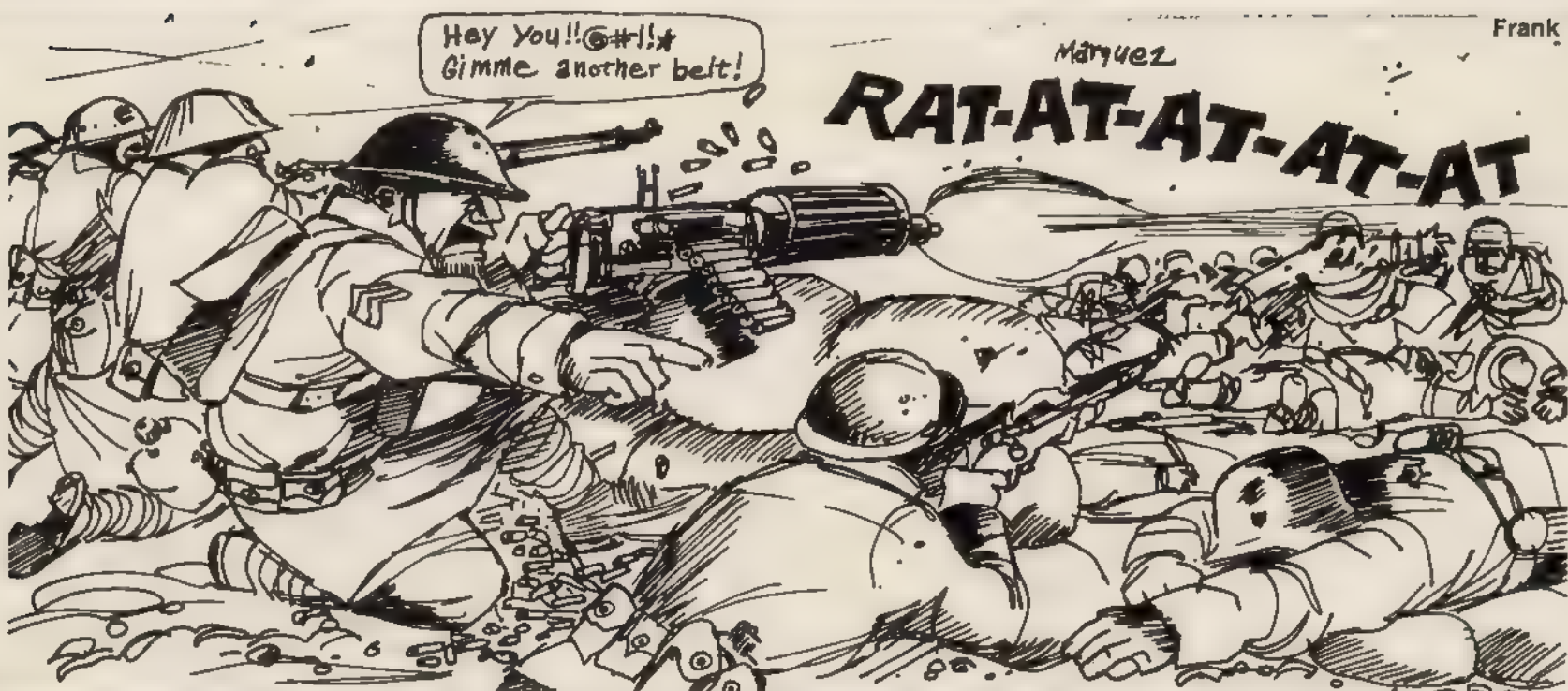




"Sure, it's original, Vince, but I still think you'd do just as well with a box of candy."

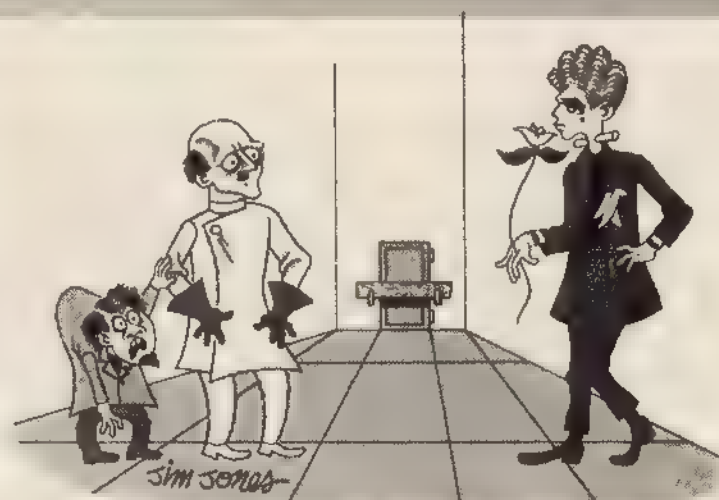
help's public gallery

We welcome contributions to this feature. HELP! will pay a munificent \$5.00 for every snide cartoon used. Mail submissions to HELP! 527 Madison Avenue, New York City. Please be sure to ensure return of all rejections.

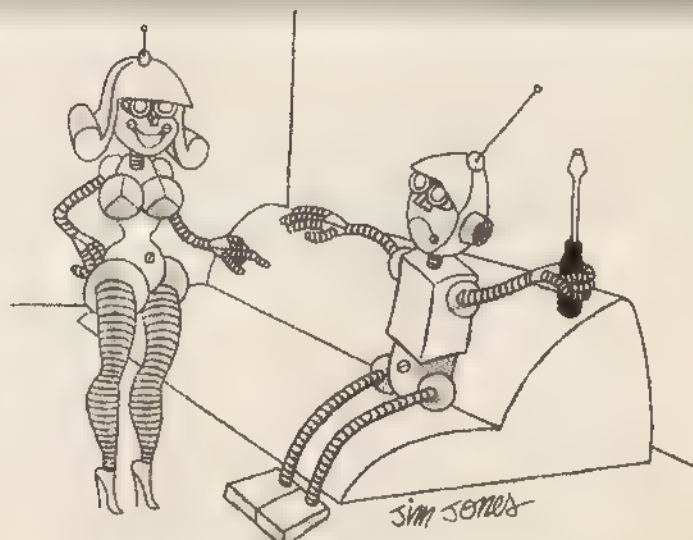




"Son,
have a good time
at the opera ...
but try to be
home early."



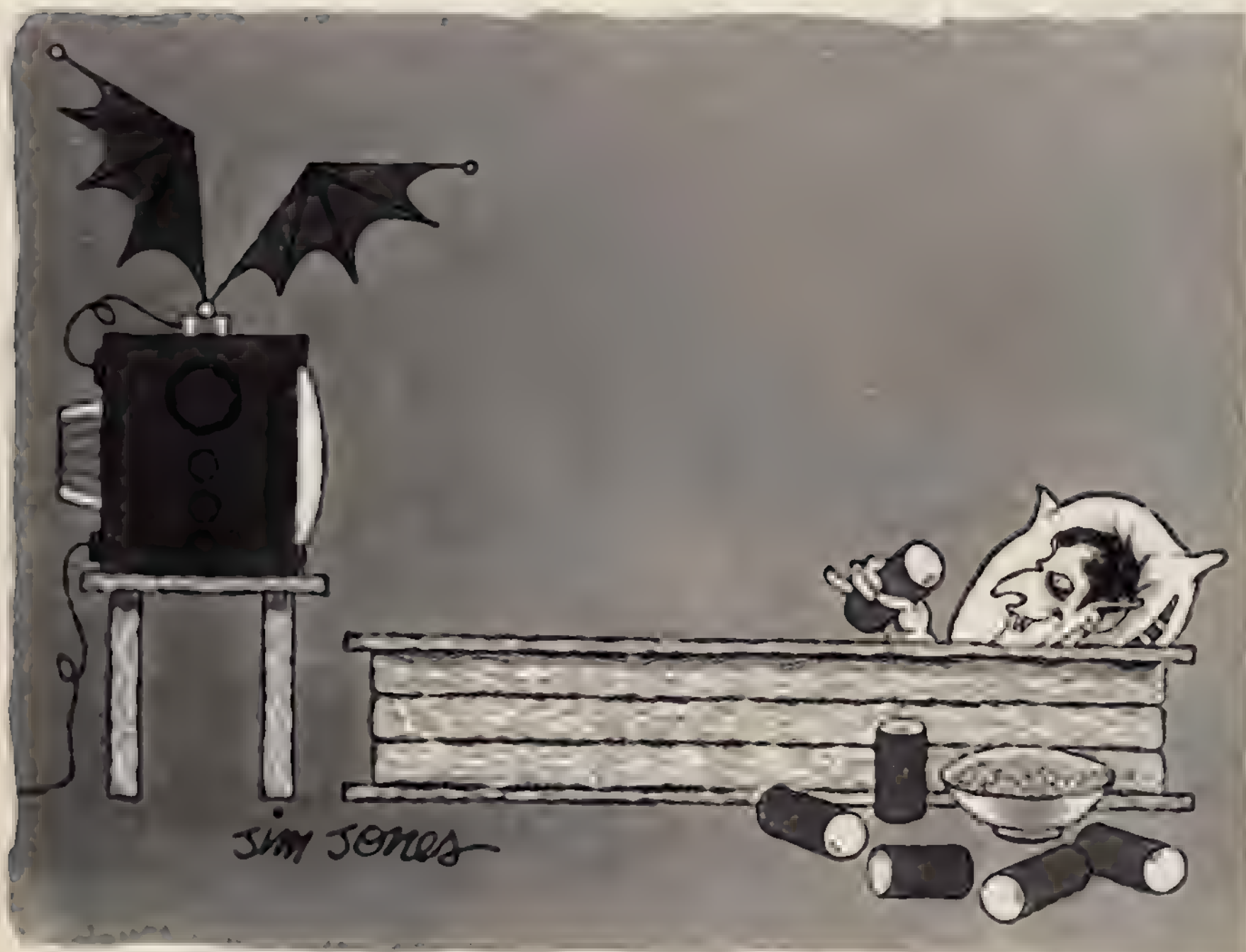
"Now, what have you done, Baron Frankenstein?"

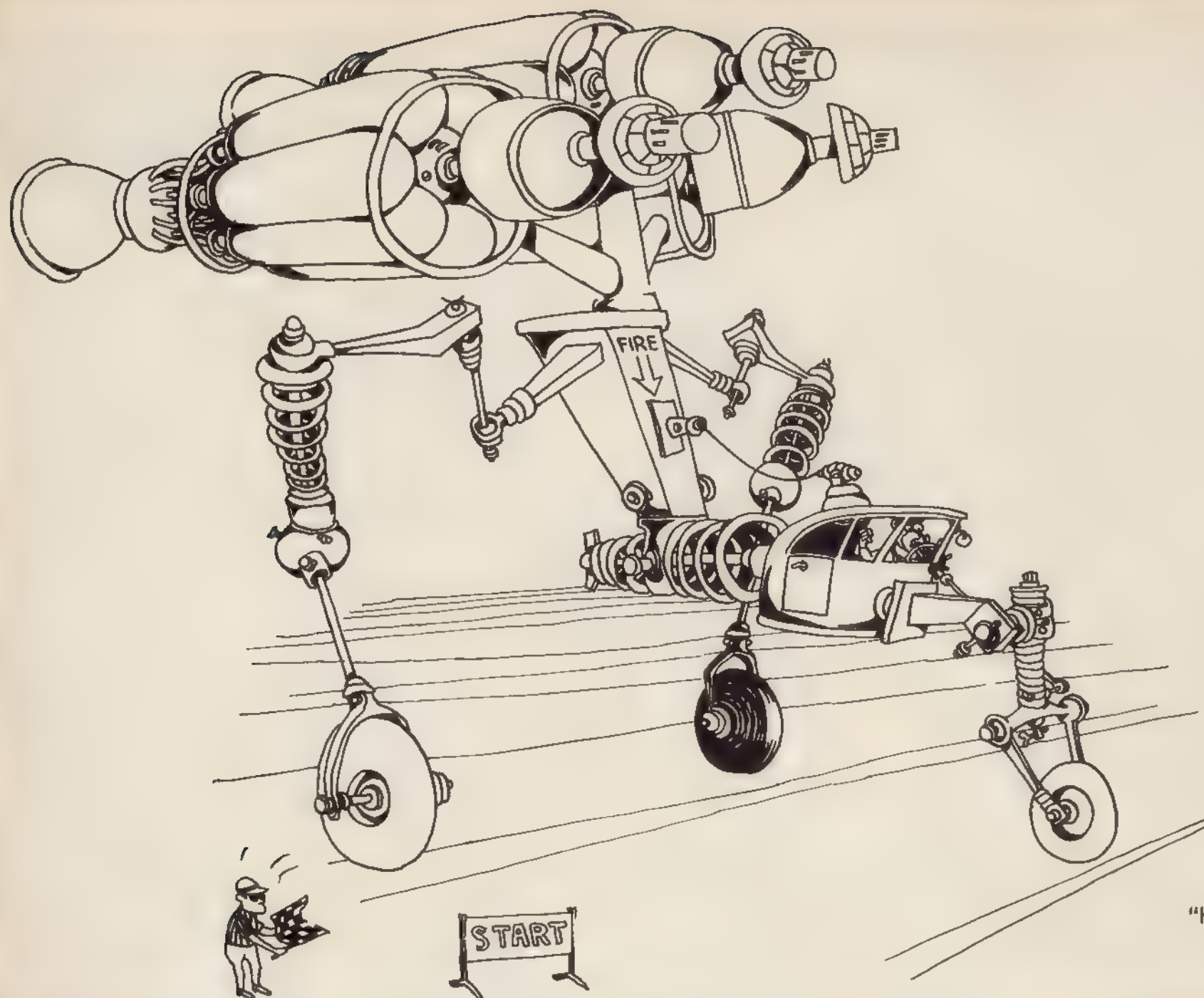


"If you do ... you'll have to marry me!"

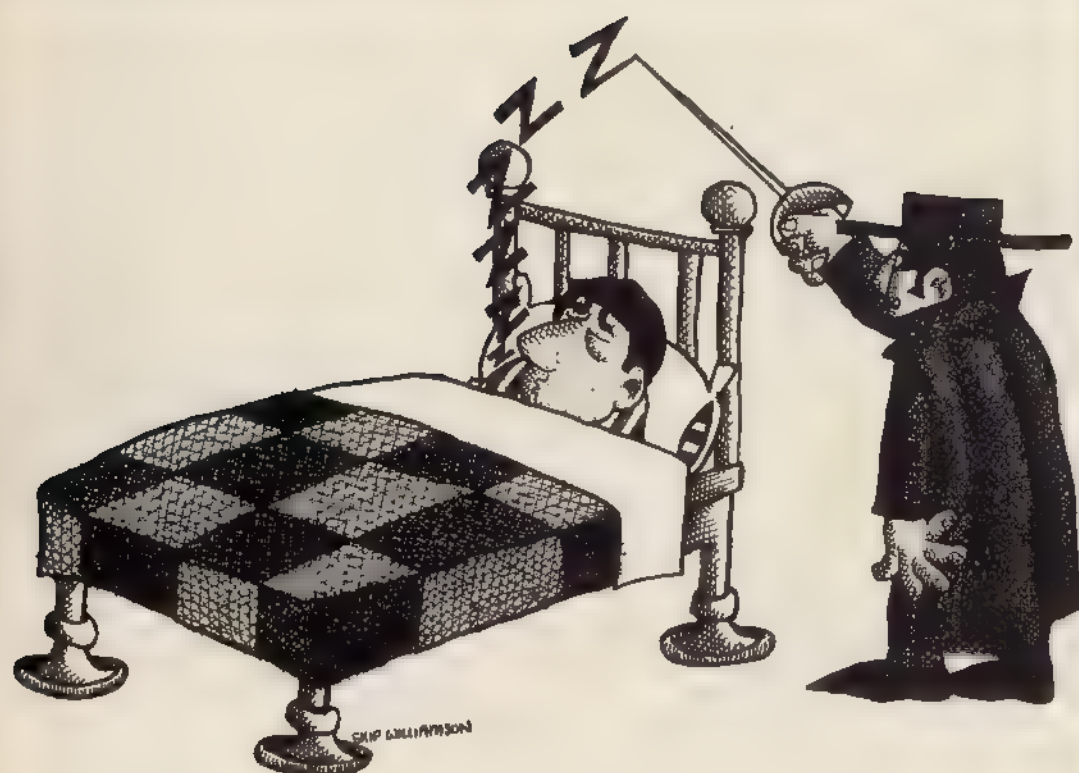


"I'll never reveal your secret identity, Clark"





"Here goes nothing"



Skip Williamson

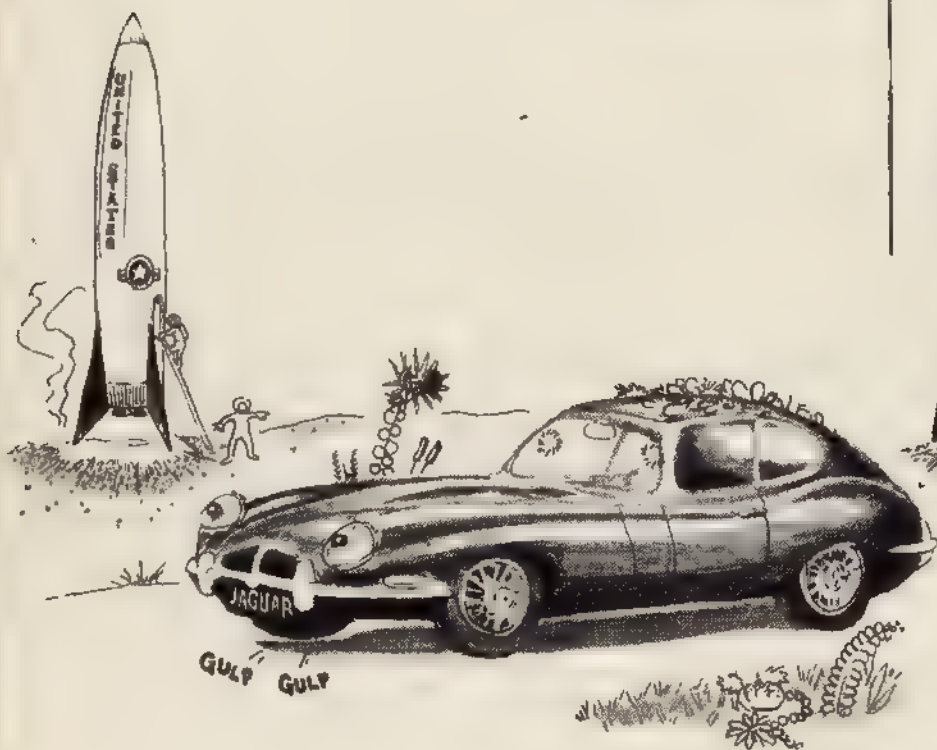
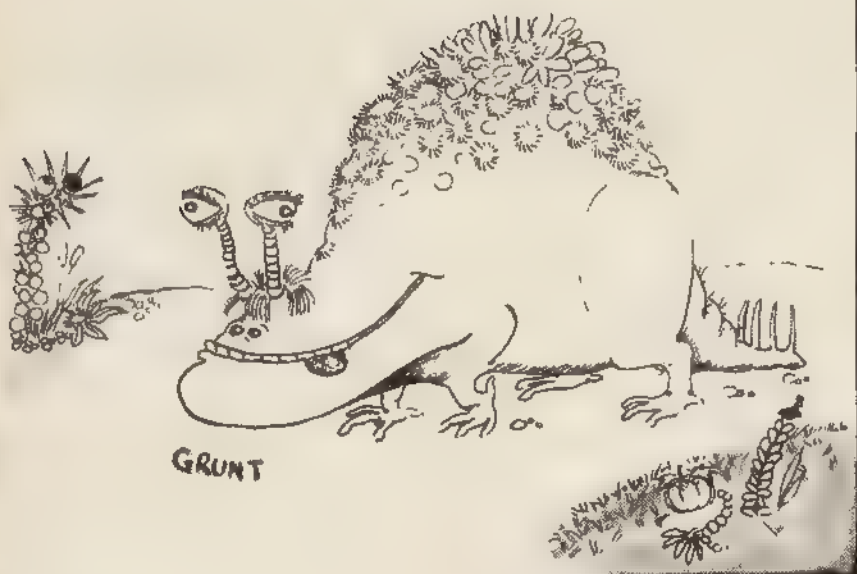
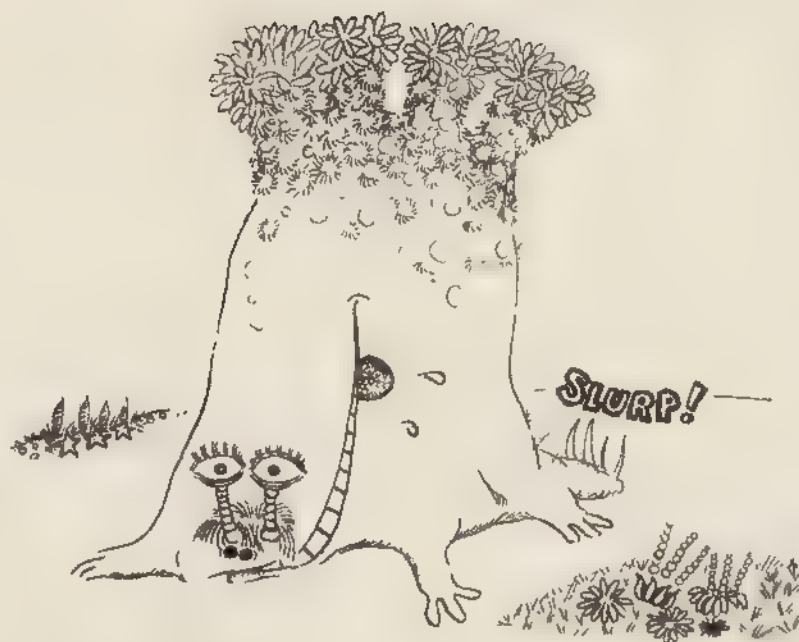
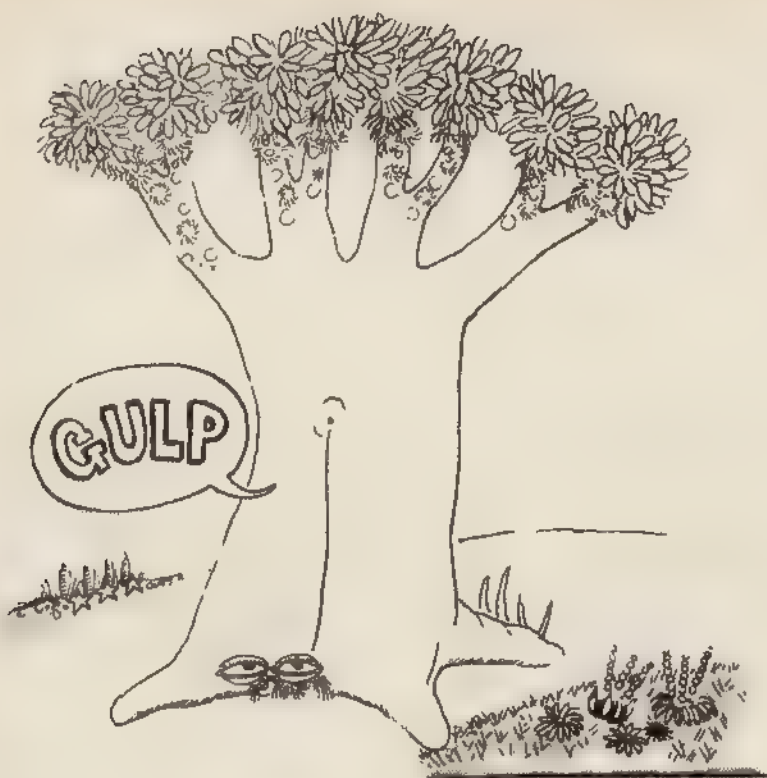


"George, you've got rocks in your head"

the GULP

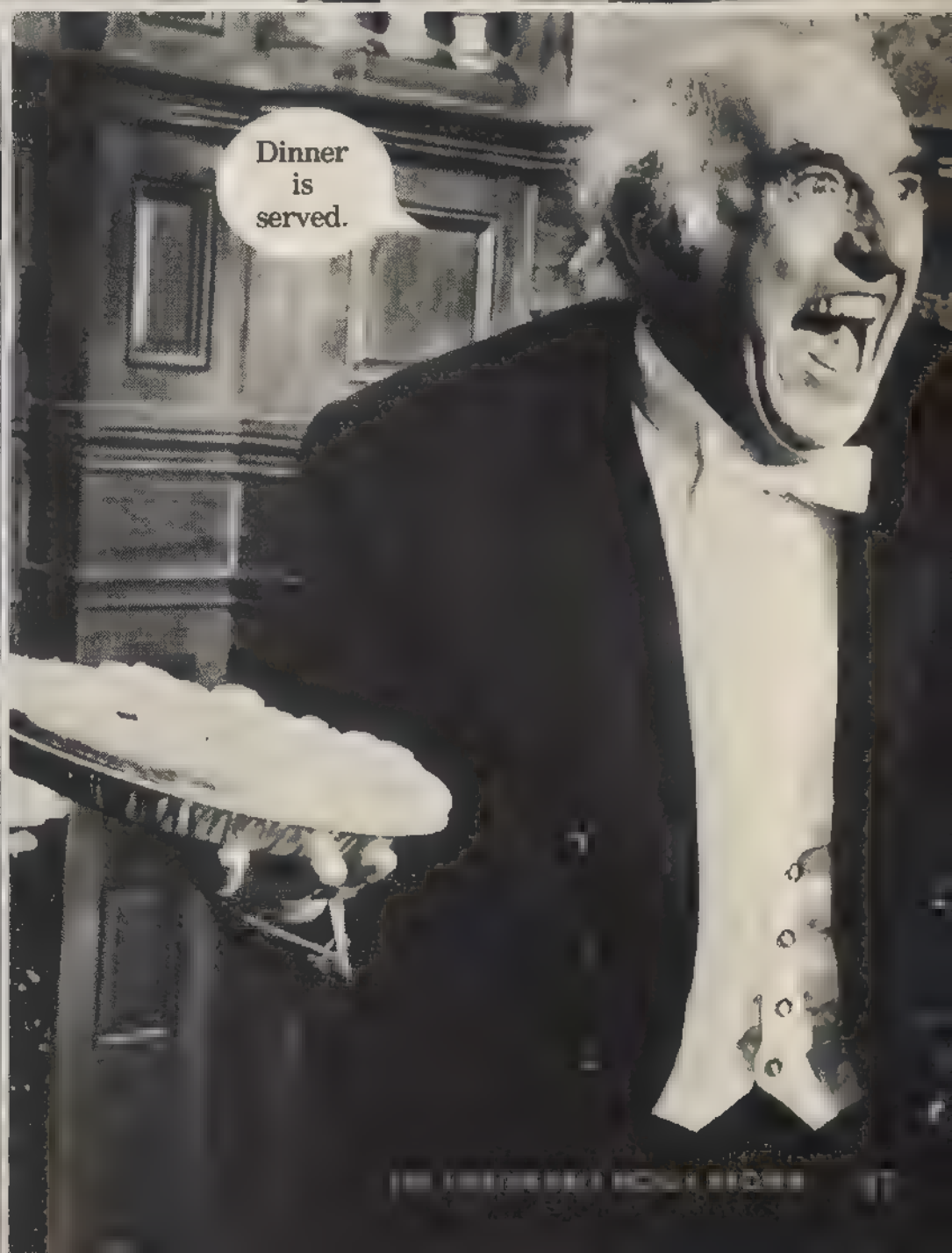


—continued





RAIDERS FROM BENEATH THE SEA





It can't be
that hard to get
a plumber.



ZORBA THE GREEK





SEE THAT SAFE FULL OF MONEY the man on the right has? Would you believe he collected it from the saving he made by subscribing to **HELP!** at two dollars for SIX issues—which is ten cents less the regular price? Of course he had to subscribe ten thousand times—It's like buying those cigarettes that have the coupons that can get you a house-full of premiums if cancer doesn't get you first. And what better way to make sure you don't miss an issue than with a subscription. And besides . . . **HELP!** has a micronite filter!

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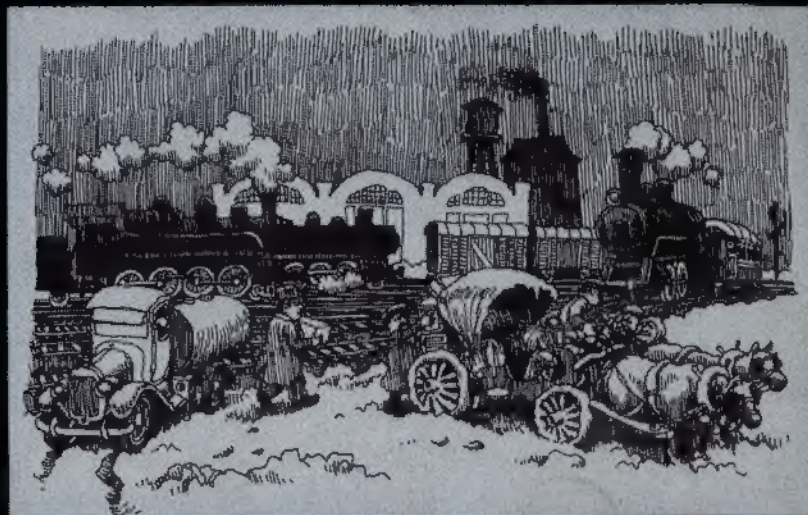
Who? see page 24



What? see page 38

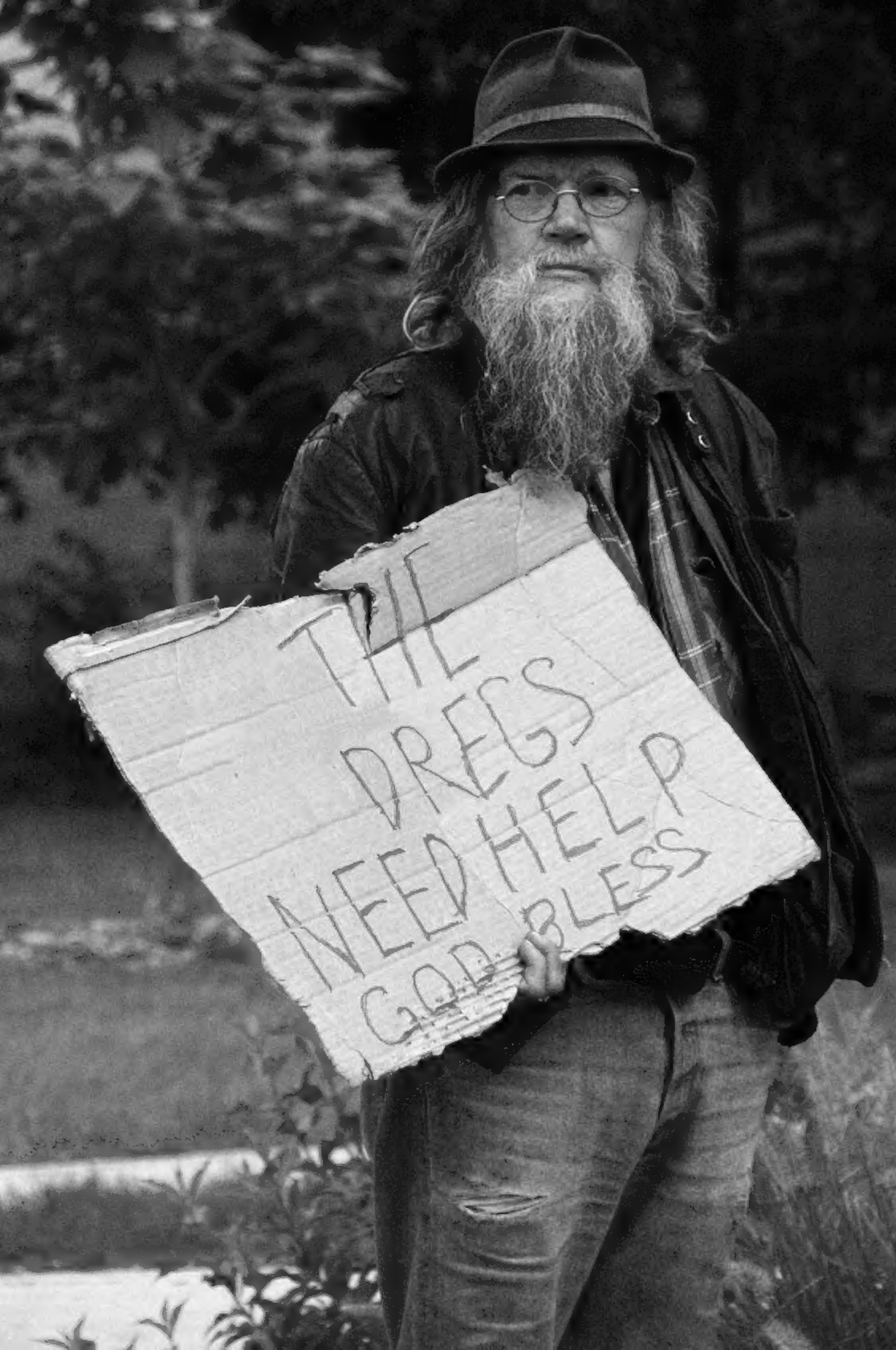


Where? see page 4



Why? see page 28





THE
DREGS
NEED HELP
GOD BLESS